

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"—A SKETCH AT THE SIXTH ANNUAL DOG SHOW, AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 151.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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ARTISTS and photographers throughout the country are requested to send us photos and sketches of events and objects of interest, and of conspicuous personages—for which just compensation will be given whenever used. Sketches relating to current events should in all cases be forwarded with the utmost possible promptitude.

THE INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN CONGRESS.

It is known by all that during Mr. Blaine's administration of the State Department a circular letter was addressed by him, in the name of the President, inviting all the independent countries of North and South America to participate in a general congress to be held in the City of Washington on the 22d day of November next, "for the purpose of considering and discussing the methods of preventing war between the nations of America." The authority of the President to issue an invitation of this kind having been called in question by a resolution of inquiry in the House of Representatives, the President has just replied that, as the Constitution confers on the Executive Department of the Government the power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, it would seem that this power carries with it a right to take all requisite measures for the initiation of treaties. To which he adds:

"The congress contemplated by the invitation could only effect any valuable result by its conclusions eventually taking the form of a treaty of peace between the States represented, and besides, the invitation to the States of North and South America is merely a preliminary act of which the constitutionality, or the want of it, can scarcely be affirmed."

As such a congress could scarcely fail to discuss some moot points relating to the projected interoceanic canal, and as that discussion might "cloud" the existing rights of the United States as secured to them by existing treaties with the Central American States, the President now concedes that the opinion of Congress may be properly invoked before such a congress be summoned to meet at Washington or elsewhere. To this effect he writes:

"Inquiry having been made by some of the republics invited whether it is intended that this international congress shall convene, it is important that Congress, should, at as early a day as is convenient, inform me by resolution or otherwise of its opinion in the premises. My action will be in harmony with such expression."

It is curious to observe how frequently history repeats itself in the matter of international complications. Everybody has heard of the "Panama Mission" which fills such a conspicuous page in the early part of the history of the administration of John Quincy Adams. Referring to that mission in his annual Message of December, 1825, President Adams held the following language:

"Among the measures which have been suggested to them [the Spanish-American States] by the new relations with one another, resulting from the recent changes of their condition, is that of assembling at the Isthmus of Panama a congress at which each of them should be represented, to deliberate upon objects important to the welfare of all. The republics of Colombia, of Mexico, and of Central America have already deputed plenipotentiaries to such a meeting, and they have invited the United States to be also represented there by their Ministers. The invitation has been accepted, and Ministers on the part of the United States will be commissioned to take a part in it, so far as may be compatible with that neutrality from which it is neither our intention nor the desire of the other American States that we should depart."

Henry Clay, who was then Secretary of State, in replying to the invitations of the Ministers of Colombia and of Mexico, stated that the President "had determined at once to manifest the sensibility of the United States to whatever concerns the prosperity of the American hemisphere"; but he was careful to add that the President would take the advice and receive the consent of the Senate before sending Commissioners to the projected Congress. In this respect the administration of Mr. Adams seems to have been more guarded than the administrations of President Garfield and President Arthur.

Yet, notwithstanding the "bated breath" with which Mr. Adams spoke in commending the proposition to the favorable consideration of Congress, it encountered the most vehement opposition in both Houses—in the Senate on the question raised with regard to the confirmation of the nominations made for the Panama Mission, and in the House of Representatives on the question of an appropriation to be made for paying their expenses. The whole measure was assailed by the opponents of Mr. Adams as involving a departure from the neutrality in which our country had always found its safety from "entangling alliances," and, though the friends of the measure finally succeeded in carrying it through both branches of the National Legislature, the Administration was so much worsted in the discussion that the whole measure finally fell to the ground; for so much time was consumed in angry

debate, that Mr. Commissioner Sergeant failed to reach the congress in season to participate in its deliberations, and Mr. Commissioner Anderson died on the way to Panama. The congress assembled on the 22d of June, 1826, but the United States were not represented in it. It adjourned to meet again at Tacubaya, near the City of Mexico, in February 1827, but no adjourned meeting was ever held. And the reason why the adjourned meeting failed to be held was the same as that which has frustrated the Congress projected by Mr. Ex-Secretary Blaine—protracted and bitter dissensions existing among some of the States which were expected to participate in it.

As the causes which determined the failure of the Panama Mission in 1826 seem to be chronic in the Spanish-American States, we think it is matter of congratulation that the policy and interests of the United States are not to be complicated with the feuds and wars of the petty but contentious nations of Central and South America, which keep that part of the world in perpetual "hot water"; for when they are not at war with each other they are too often at war among themselves. We find it difficult to conceive what engagements we could hope to make with such feeble and untrustworthy powers except at the cost of establishing a virtual protectorate over the more perverse and refractory of their number, and this certainly is a responsibility which nobody among us would be prepared to assume. The advice of Washington against such "entangling alliances" is as good to day as when it was first uttered, and we think the country owes thanks to Mr. Frelinghuysen for recalling it to our recollection. It is easy, we know, to indulge in praise of a "stalwart" international policy as well as of a "stalwart" policy in domestic politics; but in the presence of such adjurations, it may be well to recall what Sidney Smith wrote more than sixty years ago, when he begged leave to inform "Brother Jonathan" what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory—taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot. It is only the hegemony of a nation's moral strength which costs nothing to its treasury—and that is the only hegemony which disappoints no expectations.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

AS our national wealth depends almost entirely on our agricultural products, it is worth while to inquire what the prospects are for the harvests to be garnered next Fall. It is especially important that the grain crops this year should show a marked increase on those of 1881, since the undoubted decrease last year has seriously deranged not a few branches of industry dependent upon cereals for their prosperity. The wheat crop last year not only showed a deficit, but it is now officially stated that the yield of corn was only 1,194,000,000 bushels, or fully 240,000,000 bushels less than the average for the previous six years. This is the reason that the receipts of grain are so small at the great Western marts, that speculative cliques have been able to advance wheat here to \$1.55 per bushel and corn to 98 cents; and that the Liverpool steamship companies here and at Boston have been willing to take the grain for nothing rather than pay for ballast—a state of affairs almost unprecedented in the maritime history of this port. In short, within the last nine months we have lost about \$60,000,000 by the decrease in the grain exports.

But it is gratifying to be able to state that the prospects for an increased wheat crop this year are now very good. Here and there the outlook is rather unfavorable, but over the greater portion of the wheat belt the indications are certainly of an encouraging character. March was unfavorable in some districts and April opened with storms and intensely cold weather that undoubtedly did some damage to the winter wheat and delayed farming operations. But within a week the more seasonable weather has banished the apprehensions before entertained, and it is now agreed by those whose opinions are not influenced by speculative considerations that the yield of winter wheat not only promises finely, but that the crop of spring wheat, by reason of the larger area planted this year, is likely to show an important increase over the last crop. Grass lands in the far West, which were at one time seriously threatened by drought, are believed to have been saved by the recent snows and rains.

As an instance of the altered opinions of the merchants in regard to the wheat yield, it is now noticeable that what are known as the winter wheat markets of the West are disposed to take a downward turn unless the speculative cliques find it to their interest to advance prices.

As to the cotton crop, the prospects seem everywhere favorable. The crop last year decreased materially owing to drought, but this year the yield, there seems no reason to doubt, will be markedly augmented. The

yield in Louisiana, it is believed, will show a larger increase than that of any other State; the overflow of the Mississippi is expected to have the same beneficial effect, so far as the soil is concerned, as the annual overflow of the Nile; and the alluvial deposits will undoubtedly reduce the expense for fertilizers. As the water recedes planting is begun, and it is now expected that the entire cotton district recently under water will be seeded by May 1st. As to two other important Southern crops, rice and sugar, the outlook is, on the whole, favorable. Both were injured last year by drought; both showed a large decrease in the yield compared with the previous year, and both are now likely in the end to be benefited by the overflow of the Mississippi, though the harvest will be a little later than usual.

Of course nothing will be certainly known concerning the various crops for several months, but it is noticeable that the feeling in mercantile circles is more cheerful than recently, owing to the favorable prospects.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE rapid progress which American art has made of late years in some directions is shown in the character, as well as in the large number, of paintings now on the walls of the Academy of Design, and also in the excellent collection of the Society of American Artists at the American Art Gallery. At the Academy of Design about eight hundred and fifty pictures were accepted out of the large number offered. It is true that, as compared with the exhibition of last year and with the displays of some previous seasons, the collection does not present so many works of exceptional merit. There are a good many examples of weakness, and conventionalism and bad taste. But when we come to estimate the average excellence of the works on view as compared with that of the display of ten or more years ago, the improvement is seen to be marked and varied in its character. The benefit which so many of our American artists have of late derived from their training in the studios of eminent foreign painters, and the influence these young men have exerted in art circles here, are apparent in the wider range of subjects, and in the superior technical treatment given to them. This is more plainly shown in the display of the Society of American Artists, which is composed almost entirely of the younger school of artists. But no one who is familiar with the Academy exhibitions for some years past can fail to be struck with the change that has taken place in their general character. Indeed, the influence of the art schools of Europe has sensibly affected those of our painters who have never personally enjoyed their advantages, but whose works show the indirect effect of foreign examples and teaching and the art atmosphere which has been created on this side of the Atlantic.

Of course there are many artists who are slow to receive impressions from the influences around them. They are too old or too stubborn to change their methods of viewing and portraying a subject, and they are content to paint as they have always painted. These, too, have their admirers; and works which to many are merely mechanical reproductions on canvas of natural objects, and unendurable as attempts at art, find favor in the eyes of a certain number of the visitors at the Academy. But the tendency is strongly and surely towards a higher standard of artistic excellence in every department of pictorial art. This is visible in portrait painting as well as in figure pieces and landscapes.

There are some notable examples of portraiture on the walls of the Academy. Mr. F. P. Vinton's portrait of Wendell Phillips, that of Thurlow Weed by J. W. Alexander, and of Mr. George D. Morgan by Matthew Wilson, are each admirable in their way. So, too, is the group of theological professors at Yale College by Professor John F. Weir. Of late years the proportion of figure pieces in the Academy exhibitions has largely increased. There are some excellent examples to be seen this season. Mr. Thomas Hovenden's "Elaine" from the "Idylls of the King," is one of the most important of these, and has admirable qualities of color and handling. Two graphic and spirited scenes from the late war by Gilbert Gaul, a charming work by J. W. Champrey, which, as "The Boarding-school Green Room," gives some clever studies of girlish character; a large and striking group entitled, "Mozart's Last Requiem," by T. W. Shields, and an ideal mother and child on the border of a lake, by H. A. Loop, which is one of the most lovely of his poetic creations, are among the attractive works in this department. The landscapes present nature as seen by artists of different temperaments and educated in widely different schools. In the wide range between the works of the veteran Academicians, Mr. J. F. Cropsey and Mr. T. Addison Richards on the one hand, and those of the young fellows newly from the studios across the Atlantic on the other, a variety of tastes can be suited.

It is gratifying to see that, while the contributions of individual artists do not always show improvement from year to year, the exhibitions as a whole certainly do. And in the works of the younger men, to whom we look for progress in the right direction, we may find abundant promise for the future of American art.

REPUDIATION REBUKED.

THE United States Supreme Court has just given a decision in the case of the so-called Premium Bond Act of Louisiana which will scarcely be relished by the Mahoneites of Virginia. In 1876 the Legislature of Louisiana passed an Act prohibiting the levying of a tax for the payment of certain consolidated bonds issued by the City of New Orleans in 1852 under direct legislative authority, and of which there are some \$4,000,000 outstanding. The highest court of the State sustained the repudiating Act, but appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of mandamus to compel the municipal authorities to levy a special tax for the purpose of paying both the interest and principal of the bonds, and that court now reverses the decision of the court below, and directs that a mandamus be issued as applied for. In giving this decision, Judge Field holds that the Act of 1852 constitutes a valid and binding contract between the State and the holders of bonds issued under contract, which subsequent legislation cannot be permitted to annul, and that the Premium Bond Act of 1876 is "the most remarkable piece of legislation ever presented to this court for consideration, amounting, as it does, to the open repudiation of the city's faith. Legislation of a State thus impairing the obligation of a contract made under its authority is null and void, and the courts in enforcing the contract will pursue the same course and apply the same remedies as though such invalid legislation had never existed." The bearing of this decision upon the case of Virginia is obvious. It practically says to Mahone and his followers, in advance, that if they shall persist in the attempt to repudiate the just obligations of the State, the court will, if appealed to, interfere for the protection of those who hold these obligations, and compel the honest payment of every dollar of just indebtedness. The decision does not come a moment too soon for the vindication of the honor and good name of the country.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

REPORTS that Mr. Parnell had been shot caused great excitement throughout Ireland last week, but they were soon found to be entirely baseless, Parnell being safe in Paris, where he was detained by urgent family affairs. In the Commons, on the 20th, there was a spirited debate over a certain circular issued by the police authorities for the protection of a well-known magistrate, who had been threatened with assassination. The circular called upon all well disposed persons to aid in protecting the menaced official, and added that if his escort should fire upon and injure any person making an attempt upon him, immunity would be granted him by the Government. This circular was assailed as barbarous, but was vigorously defended by Mr. Forster, and Sir Stafford Northcote declared, with decision, that the Opposition would maintain the Government in its policy of protecting life and property in Ireland. The liberation of "suspects" during the last week has been in excess of the arrests, a fact which is interpreted as indicative that the Government regards the situation as more favorable. Outrages continue, however, to be reported. It is announced that the Land League's entire outlay has amounted to \$630,000, and that it has in hand \$295,000 for future use.

The Conservative policy as to Ireland, as recently outlined, promises to cause the Radicals a good deal of trouble. The main idea, as stated in a letter to the *World*, is to have the State buy out all the landlords who are willing to sell their estates on the basis of twenty-one years of the judicial rent (which ranges about 25 per cent. below the hitherto charged), land debentures bearing 4 per cent. interest being issued to the sellers, the State, of course, guaranteeing payment of the debentures at maturity, and the surplus of the Irish Church funds being made a part of the guarantee. The Radicals allege that over \$1,000,000,000 would be needed to carry out this scheme; but the Conservatives assert that the real amount wanted would not exceed \$100,000,000, and probably would fall much below this sum. It is proposed to deal with the arrears of rent on the same principle—the State advancing money to pay off part and the landlord remitting the remainder.

The trial of Roderick Maclean, who recently attempted to shoot Queen Victoria, was conducted with a dignity and promptitude in every way creditable to the British court charged with the determination of the case. The whole matter was disposed of in one day. Maclean being indicted for high treason, he was at once placed in the dock, witnesses were examined and arguments heard, the defense setting up the plea of insanity, which they supported by the testimony of competent witnesses, and the jury, after a charge from the Chief Justice, immediately returned a verdict of not guilty, on the ground that the prisoner was insane, as claimed. He will

now be consigned to confinement in a lunatic asylum during the pleasure of the Queen.

The French Cabinet has approved the scheme of M. de Lesseps for flooding the salt marshes and the lower portions of the Desert of Sahara, which, it is estimated, can be done for thirteen millions of dollars. The consummation of the project would give a new waterway into Northern Africa, and would confer also the great political advantage of isolating Tunis and Algeria from Tripoli, which is regarded as very desirable. In these days of great engineering achievements, the idea of turning a desert into a navigable sea will not certainly be regarded as impossible of accomplishment, and De Lesseps may live long enough to see it fairly under way, if not actually carried out.

It is authoritatively stated that the persecution of the Jews has resulted in the entire depopulation of whole villages in southern Russia, and that at least 17,000 Jews have been rendered homeless. Meanwhile, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's project of colonizing the Jews in Palestine is making progress. A number of societies have been formed in Roumania to promote the scheme, and similar organizations have been established in Russia. A Russian correspondent believes that over one thousand Jewish families in that country are ready to embark in agriculture and manufactures in Palestine.

The Spanish Cortes has rejected all proposed amendments to the French Commercial Treaty, the adoption of which is now placed beyond doubt. The imprudence of Skobelev in discussing state affairs in his Paris speech has led to the promulgation of an imperial order prohibiting military men from publicly delivering political speeches or expressing political opinions. War Department officers are prohibited from publishing documents referring to the internal and external affairs of foreign countries unless previously sanctioned by their superiors. Five hundred Nihilists have recently been arrested in Russia. An International Fisheries Exhibition is proposed to be held in London next year. Recent reinforcements will bring up the Government forces in Ireland to seven regiments of cavalry, twelve batteries of artillery, three companies of engineers, and thirty-two battalions of infantry.

STANDARD TIME.

ONE of the troubles about a great country is the confusion of time-standards. The United States extends over more than three hours of longitude, so that when it is noon on the Atlantic coast it is only nine o'clock in the morning at the Golden Gate, and about half way between those hours at Omaha. This variation is the source of infinite inconvenience, and many schemes have been suggested for obviating the trouble.

A Bill is now before Congress which proposes to appropriate \$25,000 for the purpose of sending time-signals once every day by telegraph from the Naval Observatory at Washington to the principal maritime ports, as well as to any other city of over 15,000 inhabitants which provides a suitable clock for the purpose. A time-ball is to be established and maintained at each of these ports in such a position that it can readily be seen by the shipping, and every navigator can thus regulate his chronometer before leaving port.

Many people who have devoted study to the subject hope that this might prove the first step towards the adoption of a single time-standard throughout the United States. Every traveler has experienced the disadvantages of the present system, under which there are over seventy "railroad-times" in the country, and the public convenience would be greatly promoted by any device which would diminish the resulting confusion. It may be questioned, however, whether the whole country could ever be persuaded to adopt a single standard, under which noon would come at San Francisco about three p. m. by the watch.

An ingenious plan was advocated by the late Professor Pierce, which retained the chief advantages of the single standard, and avoided some of the worst difficulties connected with it. He proposed to recognize four time standards, differing from each other by entire hours, but agreeing precisely in minutes and seconds. If Washington time were taken as the standard, that would constitute what might be called Atlantic time; Mississippi time would be that of a meridian near St. Louis; what might be called mountain time that of a meridian passing near Denver, while the meridian of Pacific time would pass near San Francisco—this last being just three hours slower than the first. Under this system no place would have to use a time differing over half an hour from its true local time, and a State which lay about half way between two meridians could decide by law which standard it would adopt. Such a system appears feasible, and its advantages are too manifest to require argument.

THE Republicans of Ohio seem to have made up their minds to persist in their policy of opposition to the liquor traffic. Recently the Legislature passed an Act which practically closed two-thirds of the saloons of the State. The brewers and others interested in the liquor trade went to the polls in the municipal elections immediately following in Cincinnati and elsewhere, and, by way of punishing the dominant party, remorselessly slaughtered the Republican candidates, causing a good deal of consternation thereby among the small politicians. The leaders of the party, however, being evidently persuaded that nothing was to be gained by concession at that stage of the fight, not only firmly held their ground, but advanced their lines still further against the enemy's position—passing through the Legislature a Bill which proposes, under heavy penalties and pain of imprisonment, to close on Sunday every saloon and drinking saloon in the State. This Act seems to have been demanded by the entire moral element of the community

without regard to creed, the Catholic Bishops and clergy uniting with Protestant ministers and laity in asking for its enactment. The enforcement of the Act will array almost the entire German population of the larger cities against the Republicans, and their defection will quite probably turn the scales against the party in the coming Fall elections. But the law is in itself right and proper, and in the end the party which stands for law and order and a decent observance of the Sabbath will certainly achieve the dominant place in the confidence of the people.

THE new Capitol at Albany promises to rank as the colossal job of the century. The original estimate of \$4,000,000 has already swollen to near \$15,000,000, and it is now believed by many that the expenditure will reach \$20,000,000 before the building is finally completed. How much of this money has been absolutely wasted cannot, of course, be determined, but that a building better adapted to the uses contemplated, more in accordance with the canons of good taste, and more in harmony with true republican simplicity, could have been erected for one quarter of the tremendous total named, there can be no doubt whatever.

THE immigration of the present year promises to be unprecedentedly large. The arrivals in one day last week numbered 5,786, or at the rate of 150,000 a month. The authorities of Castle Garden anticipate that the arrivals during May will reach at least 100,000. The volume of immigration is very considerably swollen by the coming of Jews driven out of Russia—an altogether new and exceptional element; but the number of Germans now seeking homes in the New World is larger than ever before, while the influx from the Scandinavian countries is higher than the average of other years.

THE building "boom" in this city and Brooklyn shows no sign of abatement. Last year the total estimated value of the structures for which permits were granted in this city, including the cost of alterations to existing buildings, was \$58,533,040. The total for the first three months of the present year is \$10,932,600. This aggregate represents 924 new structures. In Brooklyn the number of permits for new buildings granted in the same period was 383. When it is remembered that the high price of labor and material operates necessarily to the prejudice of building enterprise, the rapidity with which the metropolis is growing cannot but be regarded as most satisfactory.

NO BETTER nomination has been made by President Arthur, in connection with the diplomatic service, than that of Mr. Wm. L. Dayton, of New Jersey, to be Minister Resident to the Netherlands. Mr. Dayton, who comes of a distinguished ancestry, represents the very best element in our politics, and possesses withal an ability and dignity of character which will command for him a conspicuous position at the Court to which he is accredited. Besides, he is experienced in affairs, having been connected with the Legation in Paris during the time his father filled the position of Minister to France. If all diplomatic appointments measured up to the standard observed in this instance, we should very soon cease to have reason to complain of the character of our official representatives abroad.

IT is gratifying to find by the evidence of statistics that Southern farmers are really making good progress toward a diversification of their crops. While some of the Western States show a decrease in the acreage of Winter wheat and others but a trifling increase, the cotton States report an increase of over 800,000 acres, or 26 per cent. The amount of land sown to oats in that section is also larger than ever before—in South Carolina, for example, 40 per cent. more than last year. The present condition of this crop is encouraging, and it is to be hoped the harvest will prove a good one, so that Southern farmers may be persuaded to follow the road "at the entrance of which," to quote from a Charleston paper, "is the big sign Bread and Meat first, and Cotton last."

DESPITE the general prosperity of the country, the cost of living steadily increases, and the difficulty of supporting a family upon a moderate income grows greater all the while. It is a remarkable fact that the price of meat in the Eastern market is higher now than it has been before since the darkest days and most depreciated currency of the war, and, what is more, it threatens to be higher before it is lower. The advance is attributed chiefly to the scarcity of supply in consequence of heavy stock losses by the severe Winter in the West and of the growing exportation of American cattle to England. The foolish and ignorant demand of all classes for the so-called "best cuts," despite the fact that they are often not the most nutritious, also has something to do with the high prices. But, after all, aside from the present rise, it seems as though there was something radically wrong when, in a country with such exceptional facilities for stock-raising, the cost of good meat is as high as it usually is all over the East.

THE penitentiary system of almost every Southern State needs reforming. The indiscriminate sentencing of all sorts of criminals to the same kind of punishment, so that hard labor in the penitentiary is the common lot of the shiftless fellow convicted of vagrancy, the man who steals a roasting ear, and the highway robber or murderer, is all wrong. The treatment of these convicts, thus recruited from all classes of criminals, is too often brutal and inhuman. President Gaston, of the Alabama State Medical Association, at its recent annual meeting, presented some facts about the penitentiary of that State which are

simply appalling. Neglect and disregard of all sanitary rules, excessive tasks and the punishment necessary to enforce them, "chaining and packing hard-worked men to bed like sardines in a box," have produced their natural result in a yearly death-rate of 8.35 out of every 100 inmates during the last nine years, as against a yearly percentage of only 1.19 in the Auburn (N. Y.) prison. Alabama at last seems to be waking up to the disgrace of allowing such things, and leading papers heartily indorse Doctor Gaston's loud call for a reform.

A DECISION that will interest married people everywhere was recently rendered by the New Hampshire Supreme Court. One woman who had a grievance against another for alleged slander brought suit against the offender, and joined the latter's husband as a party to the suit. The husband demurred, on the ground that he had said nothing about the plaintiff, and was not responsible for what his wife might have said, and the Supreme Court has sustained his position. The decision marks the complete revolution in the wife's legal standing, which has been brought about, slowly at first, but of late years quite rapidly. The old common law regarded the wife as virtually the chattel of her husband, and she could neither sue nor be sued apart from him. The modern law in our most progressive States allows her to hold her separate property, control her own earnings, and even enter into legal contract with her husband, and enforce it by suit against him. Indeed, if the legal tide should set much longer in this direction, the time might come when the husband would find himself at the mercy of his wife, as a few centuries ago she was at his.

THE usually prosaic course of Congressional proceedings is varied once in a while by a little infusion of romance and pathos. Such a diversion occurred last week when the House passed a Bill which had already gone through the Senate for the relief of the heirs of the owners and crew of the *General Armstrong*. This American vessel was destroyed by a British fleet in the neutral harbor of Fayal during the war of 1812, but not until after a most remarkable contest in which she long held out against overwhelming numbers, and did not give up the fight until the British had lost over 120 killed and 90 wounded. The *Armstrong* was a private armed brig, and its owners and crew had a valid claim upon the Government for reimbursement for their loss. They instituted proceedings over sixty-five years ago, and Congress after Congress has considered their petition. Repeatedly a Bill for their relief has passed one branch or the other, but never until last week did it secure the approval of both Houses. Meanwhile the heroes of the gallant exploit have died, and the son of the *Armstrong's* commander has grown into an old man of that most pathetic class—the old man with a claim before Congress. It is no wonder that he wept tears of joy when he at last realized the dream of a long life.

SEVEN months from the day of President Garfield's death, the House Committee appointed early in the session to audit the expenses of his last sickness presented its report, or, more properly, reports; for, unhappily, the members could not agree, and opposite conclusions were reached by the majority and minority. The former recommend the payment, besides a host of minor claims, of \$25,000 to Doctor Bliss, \$15,000 each to Doctors Agnew and Hamilton, and \$10,000 apiece to Doctors Reyburn, Boynton and Susan Edson, besides urging the promotion of Surgeon-General Barnes to a major-general's rank, and Doctor Woodward's promotion from a major to a lieutenant-colonel. The minority, consisting of Blackburn, Springer and Le Fevre, protest against the payment of such large fees to the attending physicians, dissent from the recommendation of promotion in rank for Barnes and Woodward, and advise that all persons having claims growing out of the late President's sickness be required to furnish proof. It is also understood that they propose to carry the fight into the House, and there is, consequently, reason to fear a very disagreeable controversy. The country is not disposed to haggle over bills of this sort, and it is a great pity the committee could not agree upon a measure which would command general approval.

THE first of the series of election trials in South Carolina has resulted, rather unexpectedly, in the conviction by a mixed jury, composed of men of both parties and races, of two Democratic election managers for obstructing a Federal supervisor in the performance of his duty—an offense punishable by two years in the penitentiary. Local feeling appears to be very strong, not to say intolerant, against Attorney-General Brewster for his attempt to secure a fair presentation of the Government's case, which is bitterly denounced as political persecution. There appears, however, to be not the slightest foundation for this charge. On the contrary, the Attorney-General admirably and exactly defines the motive of these proceedings when he writes one of his subordinates that "these are not political prosecutions," but "it is a question of enforcing the law." Mr. Brewster does not put it a whit too strongly when he adds that "the life of the nation has to do with it as long as it professes to be a democratic republic, founded upon the rights of suffrage, freely, fairly and openly expressed, and honestly pronounced by those whose duty it is to pronounce the result of elections." The interests of the whole community are at stake in this matter, and it does not speak well for South Carolina justice or patriotism that such violent opposition should be made to a fair trial of men whose crimes strike at the very foundation of representative Government.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE statement that the Rugby Colony in Tennessee is a failure is authoritatively denied.

REPORTS from Memphis say that, last week, frost killed all the cotton, and will necessitate replanting.

THE Canadian House of Commons has adopted resolutions asking the Queen to grant home rule to Ireland.

THE Republicans of Oregon have nominated F. B. Moody for Governor, and renominated M. C. George for Congress.

SENATOR BROWN, of Georgia, is so seriously ill from throat and lung troubles that doubts of his recovery are entertained by some of his friends.

THE attempt to remove the capital of Kentucky from Frankfort to Louisville has failed, notwithstanding that the latter city subscribed \$1,000,000 for the prize.

THE President has transmitted to Congress, with his approval, a proposal from Mexico for a convention to define and mark the boundary between the United States and Mexico.

THE town of Brownville, Mo., was struck last week by a cyclone, which caused the death of seven persons and the injury of many others, besides damaging property.

THE labor troubles in various parts of the country still continue. At Lawrence, Mass., several mills have been shut down on account of the strikes, 2,500 hands being thereby thrown out of employment.

AFTER a prolonged debate on the Utah election case, the House of Representatives, on the 19th instant, adopted the majority resolutions declaring that neither Cannon nor Campbell is entitled to the seat.

INDIAN outbreaks at San Carlos Agency and at Eagle Creek, in Arizona, are reported. Chiricahua renegades are rumored to have massacred eight people at the latter point. Troops have been sent in pursuit of the hostiles.

THE Star Route offenders have received another setback in court, Judge Wylie having denied the motion of their counsel for a bill of particulars, the granting of which would have caused delay and given the accused full information as to the points relied upon by the Government.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER has made another appeal to the President, asking that he will grant a remission of that portion of the court-martial's sentence which remains unexecuted, and take such other action as will carry out the recommendation of the advisory board that he be restored to his old rank in the army.

A SINGULAR coincidence is reported from Troy, where the funeral of Edward Goss, a comedian, took place on April 19th, his brother James having died twelve years ago on the same day of the month and at the same hour, and been buried at the same hour of the day from the same house, the funeral services being conducted by the same preacher.

THE great corporations on the Pacific Coast apparently mean to get all the Chinese laborers they can before their immigration is prohibited. The Portland *Oregonian* says that the Northern Pacific will soon bring about 9,000 coolies from Hongkong, and that a fleet of three steamers and seven sailers has already been chartered to convey them to Portland.

HALLET KILBOURN has recovered a verdict for \$100,000 damages against John G. Thompson, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, for false imprisonment. Hallet refused to testify before a Congressional Committee in 1876, and was imprisoned by order of the House for forty-five days, when he was released on *habeas corpus*. The case will be appealed.

THE House of Representatives passed, last week, by a vote of 201 to 37, the revised Anti-Chinese Bill which suspends immigration for ten years. In the Senate the Bill has been amended by striking out the fourteenth and fifteenth sections, which respectively provide that hereafter no court shall admit Chinese to citizenship and define the words "Chinese laborers" as meaning both skilled and unskilled laborers and Chinese employed in mining.

MAIL advices from Lima report that Minister Harbut's death, on March 27th, was very sudden, occurring within twenty minutes of his first attack. Rumors that he had been poisoned gained such currency that an autopsy was held, which proved conclusively that death was due to heart-disease. General Lynch, in the name of the Chilean Government, tendered a public funeral, but the family insisted upon a private service.

ROBERT and CHARLES FORD, who were indicted for murder by the Grand Jury at St. Joseph, Mo., last week, in killing Jesse James, pleaded guilty upon being arraigned, were sentenced to be hanged, and were promptly pardoned by Governor Crittenden. Robert, however, was immediately rearrested upon the charge of murdering one Wood Hite. Frank James and other followers of the dead outlaw are said to be on the track of all concerned in his killing, and resolved upon their destruction.

THE President last week made the following diplomatic nominations: Alphonso Taft, of Ohio, to be Minister to Austria; William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, to be Minister Resident of the United States to the Netherlands; Nicholas Fish, of New York, to be Minister to Belgium; John M. Francis to be Charge d'Affaires to Portugal; J. P. Wickham to be Charge d'Affaires to Denmark; Adam Badeau to be Consul-General at Havana; Harry L. Slaight, of New York, to be United States Consul at Prescott.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT, editor of the New York *World*, and brother of the late Minister to Peru, appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee last week, and testified as to his relations with Shipherd and his knowledge of the Chili-Peru troubles. He declared that he never had but one interview with Shipherd, but he produced a private letter from his brother, written December 29th, which attributed his course as Minister to "personal talk with Blaine and Garfield," and expressed fear that he was to be "thrown overboard."

Foreign.

It is stated that Admiral Jaures, the new French Ambassador to Russia, has been entrusted with special powers in connection with the Eastern Question.

THE total number of arrests in Ireland under the Coercion Act up to the 18th instant was 918. There have been 734 evictions during the first quarter of this year.

POLITICAL massacres have been resumed in Burmah. King Theebaw has put to death an inferior wife, two half-sisters, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and fifty of their relatives.

It is asserted that, in consequence of the movement of public opinion, the French Government is disposed to resume negotiations with England in relation to the commercial treaty.

MONTERO is now President of Peru *pro tem.*, and has resigned all military authority, having conferred ample powers for that purpose upon Don Miguel Iglesias, who was Minister of War under the Prado administration and the Peruvian dictatorship. Montero is making efforts to unite all the various revolutionary leaders who have lately sprung up.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



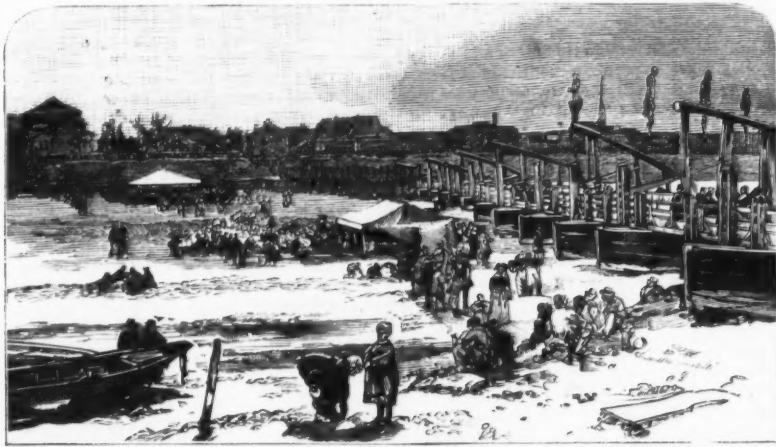
FRANCE.—EXPULSION OF THE BENEDICTINES OF SOLESMES.



ITALY.—CEREMONY OF PURIFYING THE PAPAL ALTAR AT ST. PETER'S, ROME, ON PALM SUNDAY.



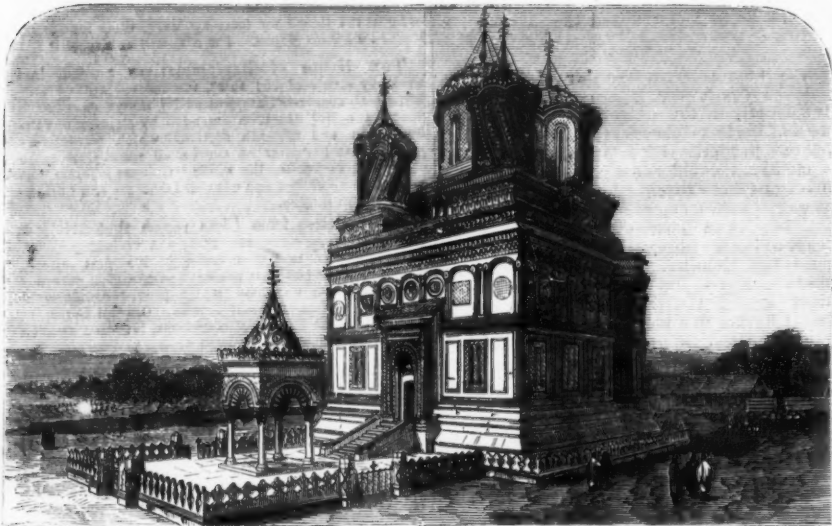
OSCAR II., KING OF SWEDEN.



ALSACE.—LOW WATER IN THE RHINE—VIEW OF THE RIVER-BED AT STRASBURG.



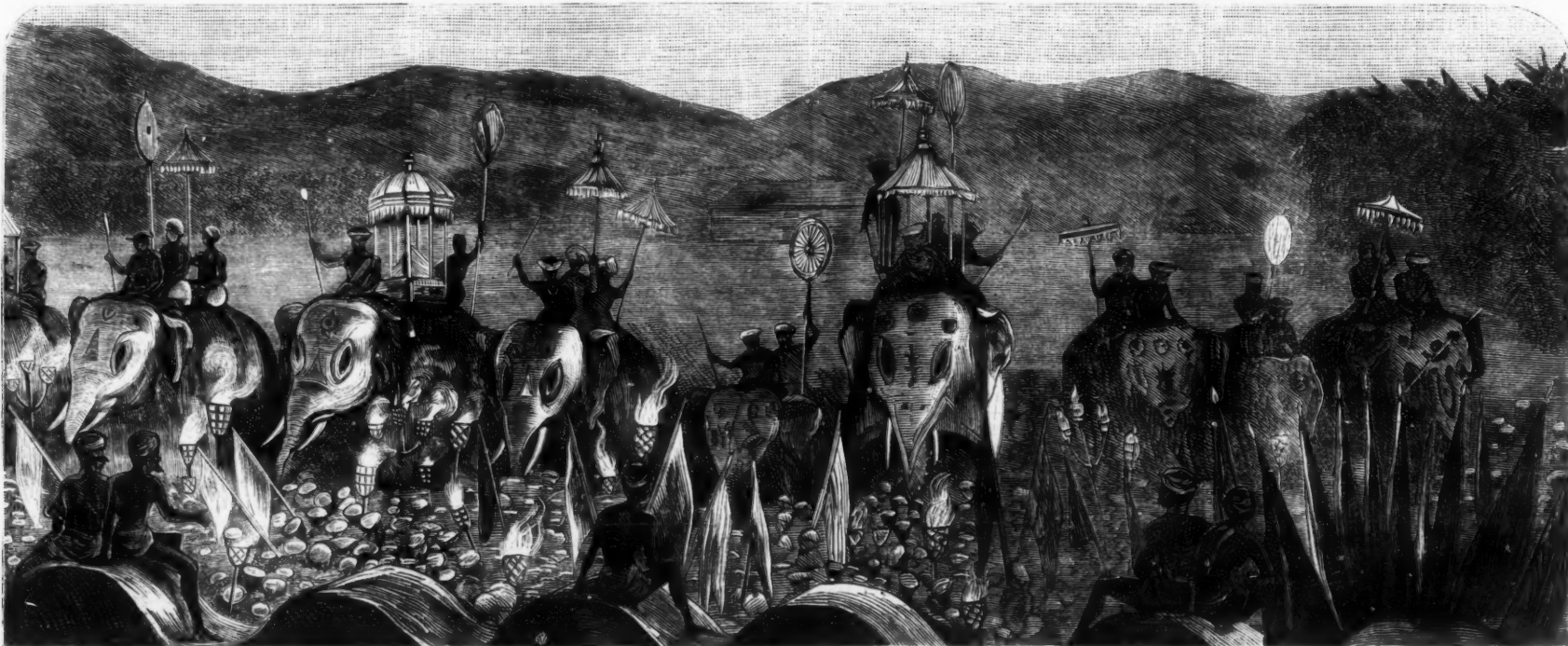
SOPHIA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



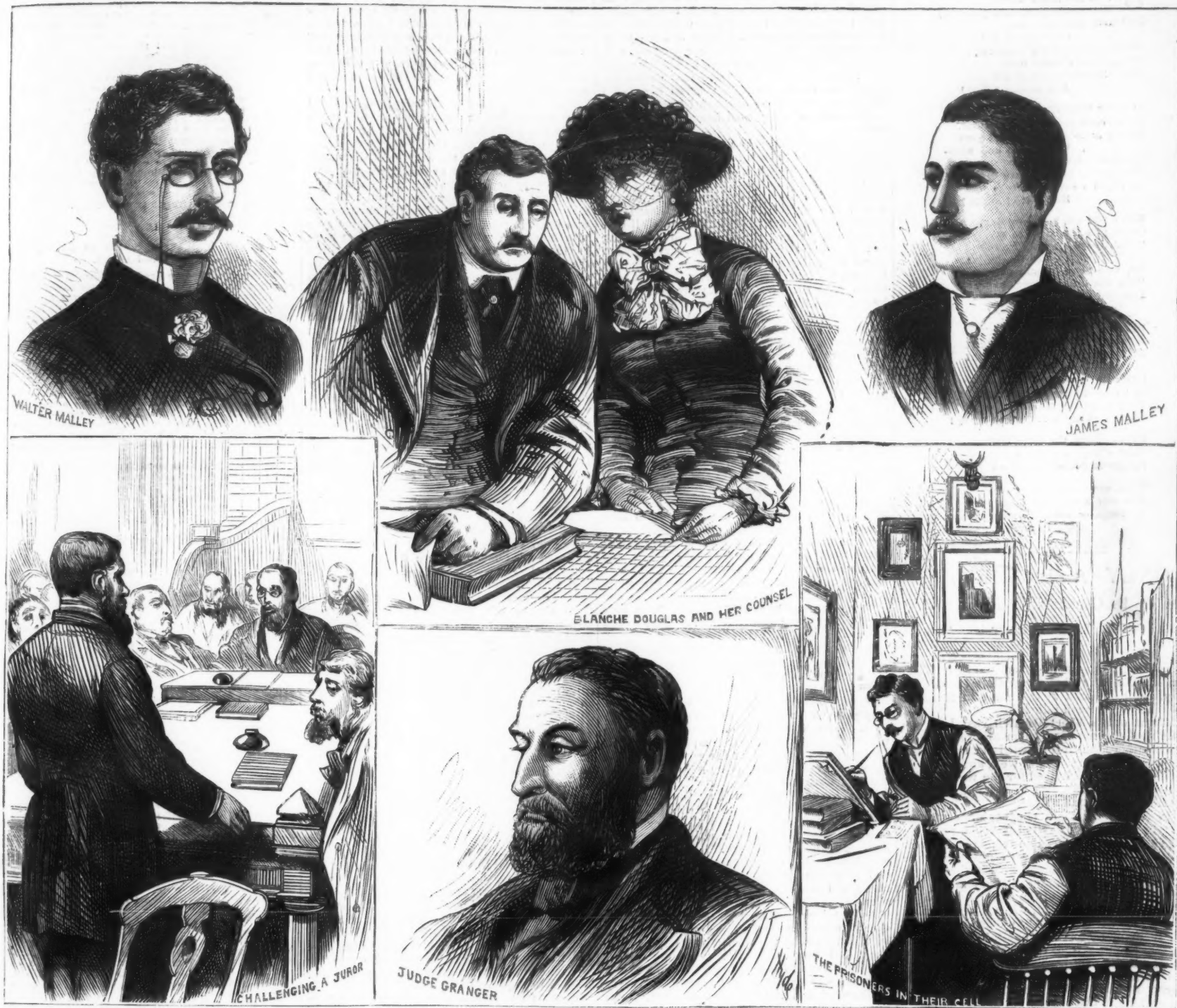
ROUMANIA.—THE CATHEDRAL OF ARGES, AT BUCHAREST, BUILT IN THE 13TH CENTURY.



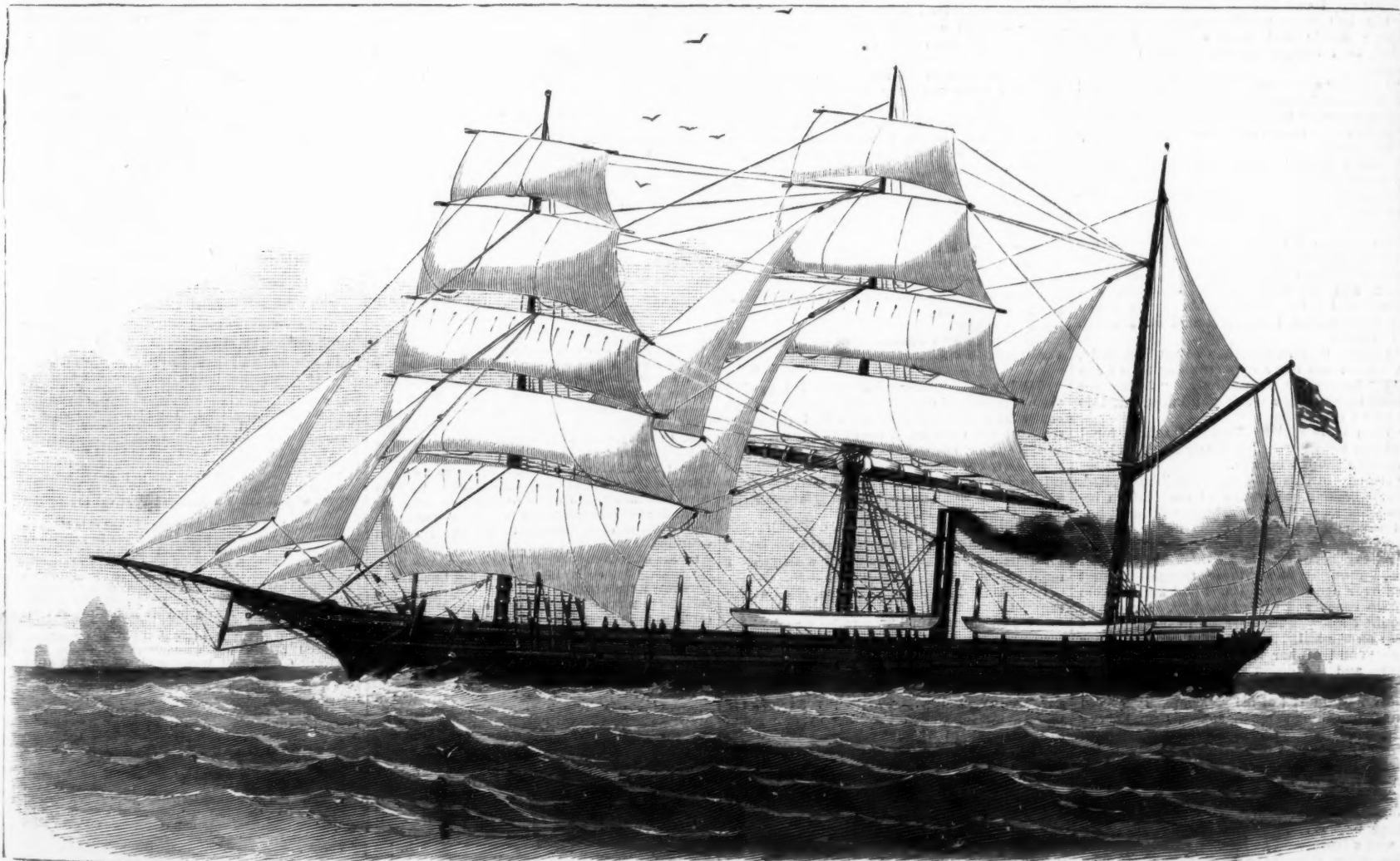
SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE NATIONAL ORDNANCE FACTORY AT TRUBIA.



CEYLON.—PARADE OF SACRED ELEPHANTS AT KANDY, CAPITAL OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCE.



CONNECTICUT.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CRAMER MURDER TRIAL, AT NEW HAVEN.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 151.



ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—THE U. S. STEAMER "RODGERS," BURNED AND SUNK IN LUTKA HARBOR, ST. LAWRENCE BAY.—SEE PAGE 151.

SUB ROSA.

OUT in the arbor there
Who found you, dainty Claire,
And took you unaware,
Or seeming so?
Who played the coy coquette,
And ardent glances met
With downcast eyes of jet
And cheeks aglow?

Is there a cavalier
With frank blue eyes and clear,
Whom some one teased all year
With whim and wile—
The most devoted slave
Of one who seldom gave
To pique a suitor's gaze
Him gift of smile?

Know you not how, one day,
Quite pale, he came to say,
"Our troops are called away
To face the foe"?
He, who ne'er dreamt of fear
With death and danger near,
Faltering and trembling here—
Was it not so?

But who, besides, grew white,
Feeling as though dense night
Had darkened all Earth's light
And joy of life?
One who, perchance, had sneered
At "carpet knights," and feared
That when the foe appeared
They would shirk strife!

Sweet Claire, the little bird
That whispers many a word
By lovers deemed unheard
Has told me this—
That, ere to war he went,
Low words with hot tears blent
By twain sealed some consent
In one long kiss!

JOHN MORAN.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

BY GEORGE R. PARRISH.

"ACCIDENT.—An extra freight train on the B. & O. R. R. was wrecked, last night, by a broken bridge, just beyond Carlyle. A son of the Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train; but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed."

It was only a short dispatch cast into one corner of the morning paper amid a score or two of others, but it interested me, for I knew the whole brave story so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer, who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night telegraph-operator at Carlyle—not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening until the same hour in the morning I held in the hollow of my hand the life of almost every man passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night, when I was sitting alone in my little cramped-up office and listening, from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went clicking by to the other stations on the road. The last train for several hours—the freight-accommodation from Brighton—had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's No. 5?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied, hastily, and then, looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. "Come inside and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment, to-night," he answered me, as he sat down at my invitation, his lantern resting between his feet on the floor. "I have a call to make this evening, and must wash up a little first."

"Where away to night, Tom—not up on the hill again surely?"

He shook his head in the affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my table where the instrument was ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy; but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, and 'tis said they're engaged, you know," and I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they're mistaken about that, Billy, but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied, very slowly. "I only get in here two nights a week, you know, but I do the best I can."

"Then it is serious, Tom?" I asked, for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, brakeman though he was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he replied, his eyes gazing steadily at the lantern between his feet. "But, good-night; I must go; will see you again as I come in." And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in the office after he had gone, I thought of all these things—thought them over again and again. I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew, Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl enough in her way—proud of her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wondered at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave of Society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight-brakeman—a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his monthly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and, perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so poor, to add to her lengthy string of victims. I never could believe

that she had the heart to return his great, honest love, and be willing, in exchange, to sacrifice all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town had already gained her promise, and, from many little things which had fallen under my notice, I began to believe that rumor for once was right. And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was not busy, and wondered in my own heart how it could end.

Tom never came back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung round the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself. From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night. The parlor-windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravelled path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the Summer house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding his mind, passed there with her—his idol, his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man that listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the moonlit road, with pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the giant strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery, his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He's only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took. He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss—suffered through the long, still night, patiently and silently.

As the long Summer days faded into the shorter ones of early Fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and, knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly Winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of the road, and many fears were expressed by railway officials about the safety of the road-bed between Carlyle and Farmersville, the next station east. All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half-sleet, blown here and there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly-scudding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain. My instruments were almost unmanageable owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the Division Superintendent at Balton:

"Opr., Carlyle.
"Send Bond with extra east, to report track at Farmersville for No. 2. Move cautiously."
"W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor, and I handed the order to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled up to his chin, and holding a small leather valise in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Bond," he said to the conductor, who stood there with his lantern raised to give the signal for starting. "I want to go down with you. I must be home to-night."

Bond looked around rather surprised at the request.

"We're more than likely to be wrecked before ever we get there, Mr. Ballou," he said, quickly. "But, if you must go, take your own risk and get on. I don't care."

"Ballou, don't go!"—it was Tom's voice speaking very low. "Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to night without trouble."

"But I must go," came the answer. "My mother has been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself." The

words were almost lost in the wind. "You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours." And the brakeman regretfully turned away. Only a moment did Ballou gaze after his lantern, as it went flickering down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top.

Just exactly how it all happened to-day I do not know, but at the bottom of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plunged into the water and went crashing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hands wrenched clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stunned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what should be the rear end of the train.

When the first terrible crash came, the caboose had been pitched violently forward, and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the culvert, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall onto the ragged rocks below.

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!"

It was Ballou's voice beyond a doubt.

"Give me the ax!" and, seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a moment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be?—you forget he was but a freight-brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

"Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way.

"Cal, catch him!" and, grasped by strong hands, Ballou was drawn up through the broken window to the ground above, and then, with a lurch and crash of breaking timbers, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him—she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came up over the high bank, he breathed his last sobbing breath in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the great ladies' waiting-room, and, as the railroad men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said:

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of His children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, his must be an exceedingly great reward.

THE MUSIC OF THE FESTIVAL.

I.

CANTATA—"A STRONGHOLD SURE"—BACH.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, in writing of Johann Sebastian Bach, says that to him "music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder." The entire Bach family was musical, Sebastian's father, Ambrosius, being an eminent violinist. Sebastian was the youngest of a large number of children, and was born at Eisenach, March 21st, 1685. In 1723 he received the appointment of Cantor at the Thomas-Schule in Leipzig, which he retained until his death, on July 28th, 1750. Here he wrote his three Passions and Christmas Oratorio, his High Mass in B minor, and his 380 church cantatas, his position as Cantor carrying with it that of organist and director of the music in the two principal churches.

Of his church cantatas 230 have been preserved. He composed them while he held his Leipzig appointment for every Sunday and festival for five successive years. Previous to this, the motets and cantatas were chosen without any regard to the remainder of the service, but Bach acquainted himself with the preacher's texts and the general motif of the day's service, and composed his cantata in harmony with that motif.

The general form of these cantatas was—first, a grand orchestral introduction, followed by a full and impressive chorus; next came recitatives, airs or duets, as demanded by the words, and concluding with a chorale. The *corus firmus*—that is, the melody of the chorale—ran throughout the entire composition, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, now sung by voices, now heard only from the instruments. This bound the whole together and made it a homogeneous composition.

"A Stronghold Sure" is one of these cantatas. It is built on Luther's chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," the same which Mendelssohn used in his Reformation (5th) Symphony, and Meyerbeer in his opera, "Les Huguenots." This chorale is the epitome of Protestantism. Bach, in this cantata,

works it up in various forms, and shows his wonderful contrapuntal skill in its treatment. This cantata has eight numbers, three of them being given to the chorus. The first chorus is a vigorous fugue movement, in which the subject of the fugue is the principal theme of the chorale, slightly altered melodically and rhythmically. Ever and anon through the episodes and answers rings out the striking phrase with which the chorale begins, its last enunciation being given to the basses.

In the duet for soprano and bass which follows the theme is again heard, first in one voice and then in the other, accompanied by florid passages, vocal and instrumental. A recitative and aria for soprano follow, and in No. 5 the full chorus again take up the chorale and sing it through in unison, to a full accompaniment of the most florid character. Next comes a tenor recitative and a duet for alto and tenor, and finally the union of all the forces in the chorale itself in plain, majestic harmony, the instrumental parts being simply the duplication of the vocal, thus reaching a grand climax.

II.

UTRECHT JUBILATE—"ISRAEL IN EGYPT," ORATORIO.—HANDEL.

The genius of George Frederick Handel was truly gigantic. He was the greatest composer for choruses of singers that ever lived. Handel was born at Halle, Saxony, February 23d, 1685, not quite a month before Bach came to this earth, and he died April 14th, 1759, on Good Friday, nine years after Bach's death. Though these two great composers were contemporaries, they were not rivals. Handel's great fame rests on his English oratorios; Bach's on his grand fugues for the organ and his "Well-tempered clavier."

In 1712 he was commissioned to compose a Te Deum and Jubilate for the occasion of a national thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral for the Peace of Utrecht. The result of this order was the production of the "Utrecht Te Deum," and "Jubilate," the latter of which is to be sung on the first night of the Festival.

These compositions were first performed in the Cathedral, with full orchestra and organ, before a vast assemblage, including the Queen, her Ministers and Court. Handel himself played the organ, and his work gained for him the admiration of all and a pension of two hundred pounds a year from the Queen.

The Jubilate consists of three choral numbers, one duet and one trio. The choral numbers are the opening, "O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands," "Serve the Lord with gladness," etc. No. 3—"O go your way into His gates," etc., and No. 5—"Glory be to the Father," etc. These are grand and majestic, the first one especially, characterized by that sustained surging movement of sound which no other composer has ever succeeded in equaling. The second chorus is a solemn *allabreve* movement in canon and imitation, filling Goethe's line, "Ome hast, ohne rast!"—(Without haste, without rest). Coming between the duet and the trio, it preserves the proper balance, so as to avoid monotony. The last chorus is a grand outburst, with a swelling and vigorous fugue, and ending in a sublime choral adagio on the word "Amen."

Henry Fothergill Chorley, though apt to be somewhat one-sided in his view, was on the whole the best music critic England ever had. He said that "Israel in Egypt" was Handel's greatest Jewish sacred oratorio, as the "Messiah" was his greatest Christian sacred one. "In no other work," says Chorley, "does Handel's genius soar so high or burn so brightly." The composition of this oratorio was begun on October 1st, 1738, and in twenty-seven days it was completed. On April 4th, 1739, it was produced, and—will it be believed?—was a failure. But we have learned something since those days. It is difficult—terribly so! Its chain of massive and rugged double choruses, following one after another with scarcely a breathing spell between them, are beyond the reach of small bodies of singers.

The first part is devoted to a description of the condition of the children of Israel in Egypt, the ten plagues, the exodus of the Israelites and the overwhelming of their enemies. The second part is complete in itself as a song of triumph. It was originally called "The Song of Moses." This second part was written first and when the composer decided to amplify it and stretch its dimensions, he could only do so by prefixing another part. Thus, "The Exodus" was prefixed, and the complete oratorio constructed.

The two parts contain thirty-nine numbers, of which twenty-eight are choruses—nineteen double and nine single—four recitatives for the tenor, one solo for the treble, two for the alto, and one for the tenor, one duet for two trebles, one for two basses, and one for alto and tenor.

The instrumental parts are by no means equal to the vocal. This was due to two causes. First, the orchestra of Handel's days was small and insufficient, many of the instruments now in use having not yet been invented, and even of those instruments then in use, the players being by no means proficient in skill; and, second, Handel was accustomed to accompany the performances himself on the organ, filling in the harmony with majestic chords. Since his death many musicians have added additional accompaniments to Handel's scores—Robert Franz, Mozart, Mendelssohn, E. Sillas, B. Tours, E. Prout and others. "Israel in Egypt" was edited for the German Handel Society by Mendelssohn, who, however, added only an organ part to Handel's instrumental score. Subsequently, Dr. Chrystander, an enthusiastic Handelian, discovered the manuscript of three trombone parts. At the Festival the accompaniments will be played according to Mendelssohn's edition.

III.

MISSA SOLEMNIS IN D. OP. 123.—BEETHOVEN.

The later years of Beethoven's life were years of sorrow and gloom. His sense of hearing had entirely left him, and his nephew Carl, whom he had loved and cared for as a father, had ill requited his affection. Thus doubly afflicted, it is no wonder that this giant became morose and ill-tempered. And yet it was during this dark period that many of his greatest works were produced. The pianoforte sonata in C minor, opus 111, the Ninth Symphony and the Mass in D are some of the compositions of this time. These three works rank highest in their respective classes, but they are beyond the reach of mediocrity. It takes a Liszt or a Rubinstein to play the sonata; it takes a Thomas orchestra to perform the symphony, and it takes a Musical Festival to sing the Mass.

This will be the third performance of this Mass in this country. It was twice performed in London in the year 1861 by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, and shortly after the centennial anniversary of Beethoven's birth, held at Bonn in 1870. It was successfully performed under the baton of Dr. Ferdinand Heiler, and subsequently also given at Hamburg and St. Petersburg.

Beethoven called it his "greatest and furthest-advanced of all his works," (*Sein grösstes und gelungenes Werk*). It was completed in 1823 after three years of labor, and its difficulties are almost (not quite) insurmountable. Both the voices and instruments are taxed to their uttermost.

Beethoven takes some slight liberties with the text. He interpolates the word "Credo" at several points in the Creed, and enforces the word "Miserere" in the "Qui tollis," with an interjection before it.

No successful attempt at a written analysis of this colossal work can be made. It must be heard, and heard not only once but often. "It is a strong sight that can take in the design," was once said of a famous architectural masterpiece. So with this musical *chef d'œuvre*.

The Mass is fertile in melodies, full of beautiful imagery and happy contrasts, and replete with evidences of florid structure, requiring the utmost precision in the solo, chorus and orchestra, and,

while truly devotional in the highest sense of the word, is cast in lines running far beyond the limits of the church ritual.

IV.

SELECTIONS FROM "DAS RHEINGOLD," "DIE WALKÜRE," "SIEGFRIED," "GÖTTERDAEMERUNG,"—WAGNER.

The growth in popularity and appreciation of the wonderful creations of Richard Wagner is a marked characteristic of the power of genius to overcome opposition. For years it was Wagner's fate to be pursued by the most bitter and unrelenting theories as to operatic composition. He was born in 1813, and it was in 1842 that his first great work was produced, and then only under the powerful patronage of Franz List. From that day to this, now forty years, the opposition, at first violent and almost universal, has been growing less and less, until at present the opponents of Wagner are in the minority among lovers of music.

His earlier works—"Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," and "Lohegrün"—have been frequently performed in New York city, and the last, at least, has become a stock piece in the operatic repertoire. "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersänger" have never to our knowledge been given here, and of the great tetralogy known as "The Ring of the Nibelungs," comprising the four operas from which selections are to be given at the Festival, only one, "Die Walküre," has been sung here on our operatic stage, though several numbers have been made familiar from the concert platform.

These four operas are founded on an old Teutonic myth, and tell one completed story. The same characters run through them all, unless born or killed off by the exigencies of the myth. Each opera occupies an entire evening. The first performance of this work was in the summer of 1876, in the opera house especially erected for the purpose in Bayreuth, to which was attracted an audience gathered from all parts of the world, and to which two of the New York daily papers sent special correspondents. Since then the "Nibelungenlied" has been performed in Munich, Hamburg, Berlin and other German cities, and is to be heard this summer in London. And it is not without the bounds of probability that a performance will be given in New York.

The selections to be heard at the Festival include, 1st, the Prelude, and scene "In the Depths of the Rhine," up to the beginning of Scene II., "In the Walhalla; 2d, "Loge's Tidings"; and 3d, the closing scene from "Das Rheingold; the Prelude, Siegmund's Love Song, the Ride of the Valkyries, Wotan's Farewell and the Magic Fire Scene, from "Die Walküre"; 4th, the Wedding of the sword, and Final Scene of the First Act from "Siegfried," and Siegfried's Death and the grand final scene from "Götterdaemmerung." Briefly told, these scenes represent the theft of the gold of the Rhine by Alberich, one of the Nibelungs, and its results. The gold is under the charge of three Rhine daughters, who are guarding it in the prelude and first scene. Loge, the god of fire, tells Wotan that Alberich intends to steal the gold, and tells Fasolt and Fiegler, the chiefs of the giants, that from this gold any one could work a ring which would give its possessor sovereign power. The giants determine to possess the gold. In the meantime Alberich has commanded Mime, his brother dwarf, to forge the ring from the stolen gold. He does so, but Loge enters and steals the ring. Alberich curses it and foretells that, though it shall give power, it shall bestow no happiness on its possessor.

Here is the theme, the story told in the first of the operas, and the other three detail the working out of the curse.

V.

SCENE FROM "LES TROYENS."—BERLIOZ.

This opera, the last and greatest composed by the celebrated French musician, Hector Berlioz, was first performed at Paris on Friday, March 13th, 1861. Both music and words were from the same pen. Berlioz began it in 1857. In 1858 he wrote to Von Bülow, and gave him full details of the "Les Troyens," and in another letter to his own son, he speaks of a recent reading of "Les Troyens" libretto that he had given before a large company of painters and architects and certain Government officials: "I had a real success. They found it grand, and interrupted me frequently with applause. That gives me new courage to finish the immense score." Soon after he sought the Emperor and endeavored to obtain the Imperial patronage for his work, but he did not have much success. At last, however, it was really performed at the Theatre Lyrique, and—damned the first night; and, although Berlioz lived eight years after, he never recovered from the disappointment.

Nevertheless, what the Parisians refused to accept in 1861, they ran crazy after in 1881, and to-day the most popular music in Paris is the long-neglected compositions of Berlioz.

"Les Troyens" is a grand opera, in the fullest sense of the word. It is in two acts, with two overtures; that to the second act has been frequently played in concert, under the title "Le Carnaval Romain."

The selection to be sung at the Festival includes the whole of the second act, which depicts the fall of Troy. It contains some of the most beautiful music of the opera, and the orchestral accompaniments are written in that masterly manner which has made Berlioz's instrumentation a study for musicians the world over.

The popularity of Berlioz in America is attested by the favor with which his works have been received here. "The Damnation of Faust" and the Grand Requiem Mass were both successes here, and the Dramatic Symphony, "Romeo and Juliet," was well received in Cincinnati, and also in a recent concert at Steinway Hall by the Symphony and Oratorio Societies. His orchestral works, "Harold" Symphony, and Symphonie Fantastique, have several times been played, and always met with applause. In its appreciation of art New York is truly cosmopolitan.

THE ANNUAL BENCH SHOW.

THE Sixth Annual Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club was held at the American Institute Building in New York city last week, and proved the most successful of the series. There were over one thousand entries, and the list included fine specimens of every variety of the canine race. Many of the entries had a world-wide reputation, such as the lemon-and-white pointer Sensation, eight years old, by Price's Jim-Nellie, now owned by the Westminster Kennel Club, who has won seven prizes in England and thirteen in the United States. Rush, a lemon-and-white, five years old, by Flake-Lillie, owned by Mr. Edmund Orgill, of Brooklyn, also has a long list of prizes to his credit. Mr. Elliot Smith's Imported Lou, a black-and-tan setter, six years old, took the first prize at Springfield, Genesee, the Centennial, and at Baltimore. Among the bull-terrier pups was one born on the day President Garfield was shot, and, therefore, called Jag, from the initials of the murdered President's name. This Jag is the son of the bull-terrier Sam, and Sam was born on Washington's Birthday. One of the most peculiar-looking animals was a Caniche poodle, with his wool clipped in long lines across his body. Scotchmen were drawn to the display of collies, of which faithful and useful animals there were more than double the number of any former exhibition. A Gordon setter named Jennie, from the Locust Valley Kennel Club, was remarkable for her beaming smile. To every one who came up Jennie extended her paw and grinned in a most friendly manner. The little toy terrier Oscar Wilde was decorated with an "all but" handkerchief embroidered with sunflowers. The lady visitors manifested special interest in the household pets, such as Skye terriers, black-and-tan terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Yorkshire ter-

riers, toy terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Japanese spaniels and miscellaneous toy dogs. There were an abundance of these on exhibition, in comfortable and sometimes luxurious quarters. The fawn pug, Countess Daisy, four months old, occupied the most costly little house ever seen in New York. It was padded with rich flowered maroon silk, studded with gold-headed nails. A bed of immaculate white lambs' wool, four inches deep, covered the entire bottom of the little kennel. Another pug, Napoleon, reclined in a basket lined with padded silk, alongside of a blonde doll. Over them was a canopy of lace and flowers. Mrs. H. J. Sargent's Yorkshire terrier Tatters rolled his silken hair in a kennel lined with red and blue and lace trimmed.

The show drew a large audience every day, and many of the most prominent people in the city were among the visitors, the list including such names as ex-Governor Tilden, Chief-Justice Daly, Lester Wallack and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Mr. Tilden, by-the-way, exhibited a dog called Leo, which won easily in the open dog class.

THE CRAMER MURDER TRIAL AT NEW HAVEN.

THE trial of James and Walter Malley and Blanche Douglass for the murder of Jennie Cramer last August, which was begun at New Haven on April 18th, promises to be notable in a State which has of late years become notorious for remarkable crimes. It will be remembered that Jennie Cramer, who was the pretty daughter of a German cigar-maker, was found dead upon the shore of Long Island Sound, two or three miles west of New Haven, on the morning of August 6th, 1881. She had been often in the company of the Malley boys, especially of James, and it was naturally suspected that they had something to do with her death. Blanche Douglass, a New York woman, was also found to have been with Jennie a short time before her disappearance, and she was arrested as an accomplice in the murder. The theory of the prosecution is that Jennie Cramer was poisoned with arsenic, traces of which were found in her stomach, that had been administered by one of the Malleys. The defense is an alibi. The theory of suicide will also be advanced on the allegation that the deceased had been in the habit of eating arsenic to whiten her complexion. The case excited such general interest that almost everybody in the neighborhood had formed an opinion as to the guilt of the accused, and it was very difficult to secure a jury of unprejudiced men, only three being obtained from the first panel of seventy-five. There is a notable array of counsel on both sides, no less than seven lawyers appearing for the defense, among whom are ex-Speaker Case, of the Connecticut House, ex-Judge Stoddard and Lewis C. Cassidy, the great criminal lawyer of Philadelphia. The trial threatens to be a protracted one, and its progress will be watched with deep interest outside the State, as well as in the neighborhood of the crime.

ANOTHER ARCTIC DISASTER.

INFORMATION was last week received from Eastern Siberia that the Arctic steamer *Rodgers*, which sailed from San Francisco in June last in search of the *Jeannette*, has been burned and sunk in her winter quarters in St. Lawrence Bay. The news was carried across Siberia by Mr. Wm. H. Gilder, a *Herald* correspondent, who sailed with the ship, and who, to reach a point of communication with Europe, traveled two thousand miles among the Chukches. Lieutenant Berry, commanding the *Rodgers*, with his officers and crew, thirty-six in number, were at Tiapka, near Cape Serdze in the Arctic Ocean. The *Rodgers* was formerly called the *Mary and Helen*, and the late Secretary of the Navy described her as "a comparatively new and strong vessel of proper size." She was purchased by the Government for \$100,000; was strengthened at the Navy Yard, equipped with supplies for the relief of any distressed vessels that she might encounter, and manned by a crew of volunteers under the command of an officer in whom the Navy Department had the greatest confidence. The records of the Navy Department show that the *Rodgers* entered the Arctic Ocean on the 24th of August last, and explored Wrangel Land and Herald Island without finding any trace of the missing *Jeannette*. At Tiapka, near Cape Serdze, which is on the extreme northeast coast of Siberia, very near Behring's Straits, a house was built and a party of six was left for the winter. They were well supplied with provisions, clothing, dogs and sledges for searching the coast. The *Rodgers* returned to St. Lawrence Bay on the 15th of October for the winter. It was there she was destroyed by fire. The officers and crew naturally went across the country to Cape Serdze to the camp of their comrades, where they would find ample shelter and provisions. Charts of the polar regions show quite a number of settlements in the vicinity of Tiapka, which is only a short distance from Cape Serdze. There was no way of communication with this country other than by the route taken by the courier across to Russia. Behring's Straits was impassable.

Later dispatches state that the *Rodgers* was burned on the 1st of January, all efforts to save her proving in vain. She lay within a short distance of the shore, but the young ice could not bear the weight of the men, and a line from the ship to the shore was fixed with much difficulty. By this line and the boats the crew were all safely landed. The entire ship's company are in good health and spirits. There is no danger of their starving. The Russian Governor Tcherniatoff has given orders to the Chukche chiefs to do all in their power to assist the shipwrecked crew.

The revenue cutter *Cornwall* will be at once dispatched by the Navy Department for the rescue of the crew of the *Rodgers*. The *Cornwall* is now at San Francisco, under orders to sail on the 25th instant for a cruise in Alaskan waters. The plan is that she shall continue her cruise to Tiapka, as soon as the condition of the ice in the northern seas will permit, and transport Captain Berry and his party to the nearest port visited by the regular line of steamers, so that they can be brought home at the earliest moment.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Expulsion of the Monks of Solesmes.

The Abbey of Solesmes, after that of Lugugé, is the oldest in France. It was founded in 1010 by a donation from Geoffrey de Sablé. During the Middle Ages the Benedictine monks were the peaceful possessors of the abbey, and the spiritual and temporal advisers of the neighboring village. The abbey has recently been the theatre of a sad and dismal spectacle. Some months after the expulsion of the monks, the political reasons which had compelled this step having disappeared, the Benedictine monks were allowed to return to their monastery. The partial reconstruction of the Brotherhood again disquieted the authorities. An inquiry was ordered by the Government, and upon a report from the Prefect of the Sarthe, the order was issued to the Abbé Dom Charles Couturier to disperse his Brotherhood, and in the event of refusal that this act would be executed by the authorities. The abbé refused to comply, and on the 22d of March last, the bolts of the monastery were broken off, the Prefect of the Sarthe conducting the operation in person. In the church the assembled Fathers chanted the "Dies Irae." The Prefect made the required demand, but as no one stirred, the soldiers who accompanied him were directed to act. The sixty-two monks

were one by one violently torn from the monastery. The abbé, who was ill in bed, protested against such sacrilege and violence, but he was ordered to hold his tongue, and on his bed was carried out of the abbey and left in the middle of the road to die. Such in brief is the tale which is told by our illustration.

Silver Wedding of the King of Sweden.

On the 6th of June the King and Queen of Sweden will celebrate their silver wedding, and the occasion is expected to be one of great interest to their subjects. A large popular subscription is already under way to procure a presentation memorial. King Oscar II. came to the throne September 18th, 1872, being then forty three years of age. His reign has been marked by a liberal and progressive policy looking to the enlargement of the liberty and the promotion of the prosperity of all classes of the people. Among other reforms which he has carried out was the abolition of stamp duties on journals. His wife is Sophia, daughter of William, Duke of Nassau, with whom he was married on June 6th, 1857.

The Cathedral of Argos.

The Cathedral of Argos in Bucharest is, perhaps, the finest structure in Southeastern Europe. Built in the thirteenth century, it is constructed entirely of stone, and the peculiar design, together with the exquisite workmanship, displayed in the most intricate style of ornamentation, render it worthy of a minute examination. It has recently been carefully restored by a French architect, and this fact will explain the clear-cut lines seen in our illustration of this little known, but rare old work of ancient architecture. A legend among the folk lore of several of the smaller nationalities in that part of Europe ascribes the selection of the site of the cathedral to a dream of Rudolph the Black. It is added that, finding that the walls could not be reared unless they incased the form of a living woman, the chief mason, Manoli, permitted his wife to be so immured within them, and to this day the peasants in the Argos district of Roumania believe that they hear at times the plaintive wailing of Manoli's wife proceeding from the venerable walls of the wonderfully preserved cathedral. A superstition also prevails in the kingdom to the effect that no monument of human constructive skill can be completed without the sacrifice of a human life.

Purifying the Papal Altar at St. Peter's.

The celebration of Palm Sunday at St. Peter's at Rome is unequalled in pomp save by the ceremony of Easter Sunday. The blessing of the Palm, its distribution to the faithful, the procession around the Cathedral, the sublime music, the wondrous singing of the boys, form an ensemble impossible to raise from the tablets of the memory. This imposing function was given with all its majesty on last Palm Sunday. At nine A. M. the cardinals visited the Holy Sacrament, which was exposed in the Sixtine Chapel. The ceremonies commenced by the act of obedience on the part of the cardinals, to the sublime music of the Gregorian Chant, executed in a manner worthy of St. Peter's—and no word more may be said. Then came the Papal blessing to the College of Cardinals, and then the procession down the nave and beneath the portico, the entire body of cardinals, prelates, priests, dignitaries and choristers present taking part, to the soul-saddening music of the Passion, composed in 1585 by the Spaniard Avila. The gorgeous church was filled with pilgrims from every part of the world, and the desire to obtain a branch of palm would, save for the sanctity of the place, have led to a struggle. A sermon followed, and then the final chant.

The River Rhine Run Dry.

The River Rhine this year presents a curious phenomenon. The barges in the floating bridges which connect Alsace with the Grand Duchy of Baden rest upon the gravel in the bed of the river between Strasburg and Kehl. The piers of the railway bridge, the blowing up of which was the first military operation of the Germans in the war of 1870-71, are completely dry; and, as may be imagined, the depth of water is less than has ever been known—the marked posts showing only fifty-two centimetres, or more than a foot less than has been recorded during the present century. The people on both sides of the river have made this circumstance an occasion of rejoicing. Both above and below the bridge of boats, the enormous sandbanks which exist in the bed of the river have been crowded with visitors; a fair has been held, booths have been set up, and swings and merry-go-rounds have been established for the amusement of those who came to see the strange sight. Along the whole course of the river the lowness of the water is extraordinary. Near Altip, the ruins of a Roman castle have become visible, and they may be reached dry-shod from the Baden shore. In Switzerland, lacustrine dwellings have been discovered, and the objects therein found have gone to enrich many public and private collections.

The Spanish National Cannon Foundry.

Our illustration gives a panoramic view of the National Cannon Foundry at Oviedo, which occupies a vast tract of land in the midst of encircling hills. The workshops, recently visited by the King, are on the most gigantic scale, while all the appliances are of the newest style and formation. There are manufactured all the heavy guns, both for the army and navy of Spain, as well as every conceivable form of projectile. A succession of immense targets are placed in the laps of the hills, at which the newly turned out mortars are practiced—the practice being the occasion of a gala day of instruction for young artillerymen—for Spain is becoming keenly alive to the necessity for practical, not restaurant, gunnery. The scientific progress being made in this establishment is destined, should grim-visaged war ever give occasion, to astonish the enemies of Spain.

Sacred Elephants in Ceylon.

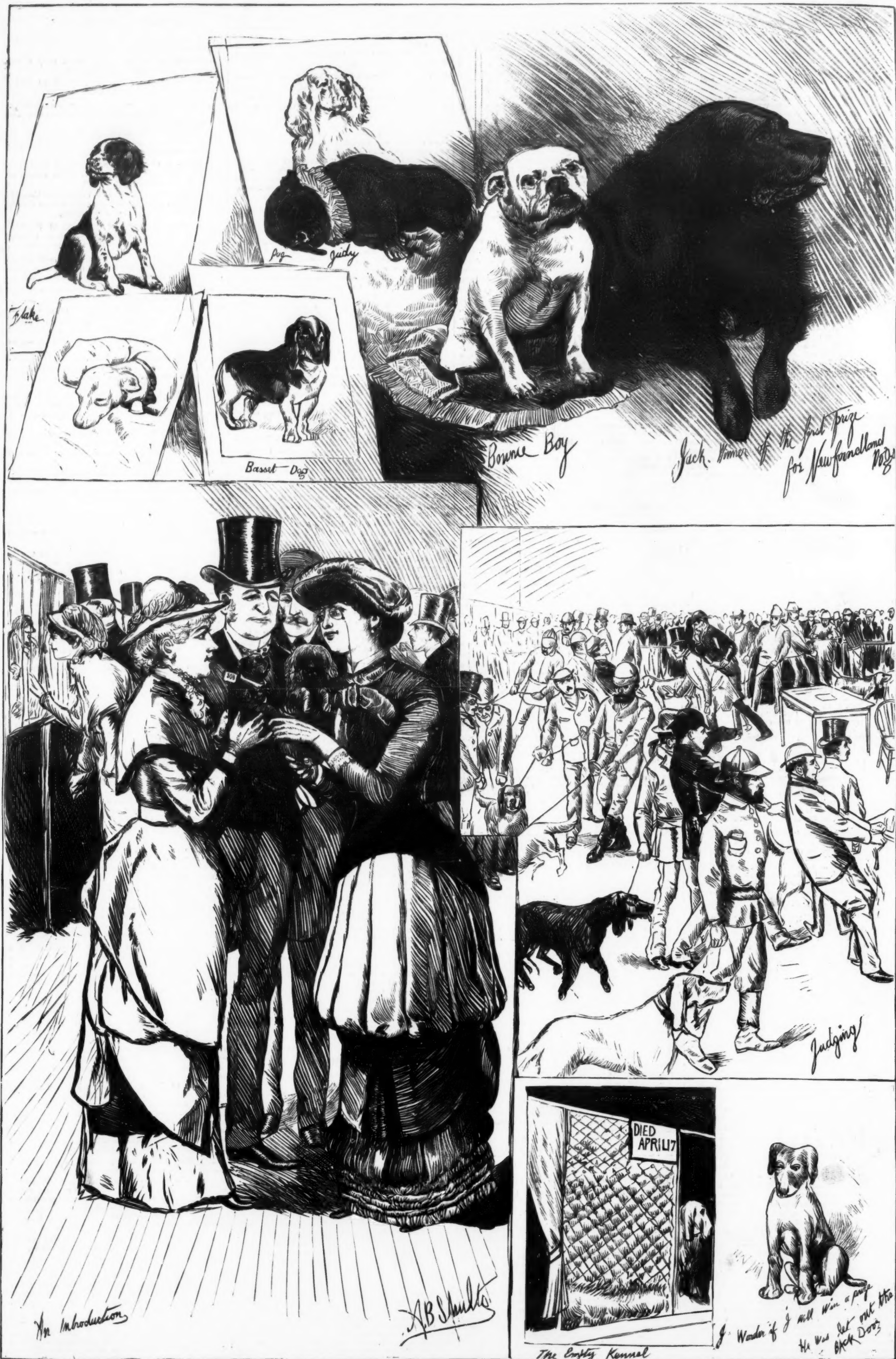
Elephants abound in all parts of Ceylon, and differ from those found in Africa and India in the fact that not one in a hundred is provided with tusks. They are highly regarded by the natives, being attached to the temples and employed in other sacred uses. The Government stock of elephants sometimes numbers hundreds. They are used on state occasions, and, during the recent visit of the young English prince to Kandy, the capital of the Central Province, there was a Pehar, or procession, in honor of the gods, of the elephants which are kept in country temples. We illustrate the scene on page 148.

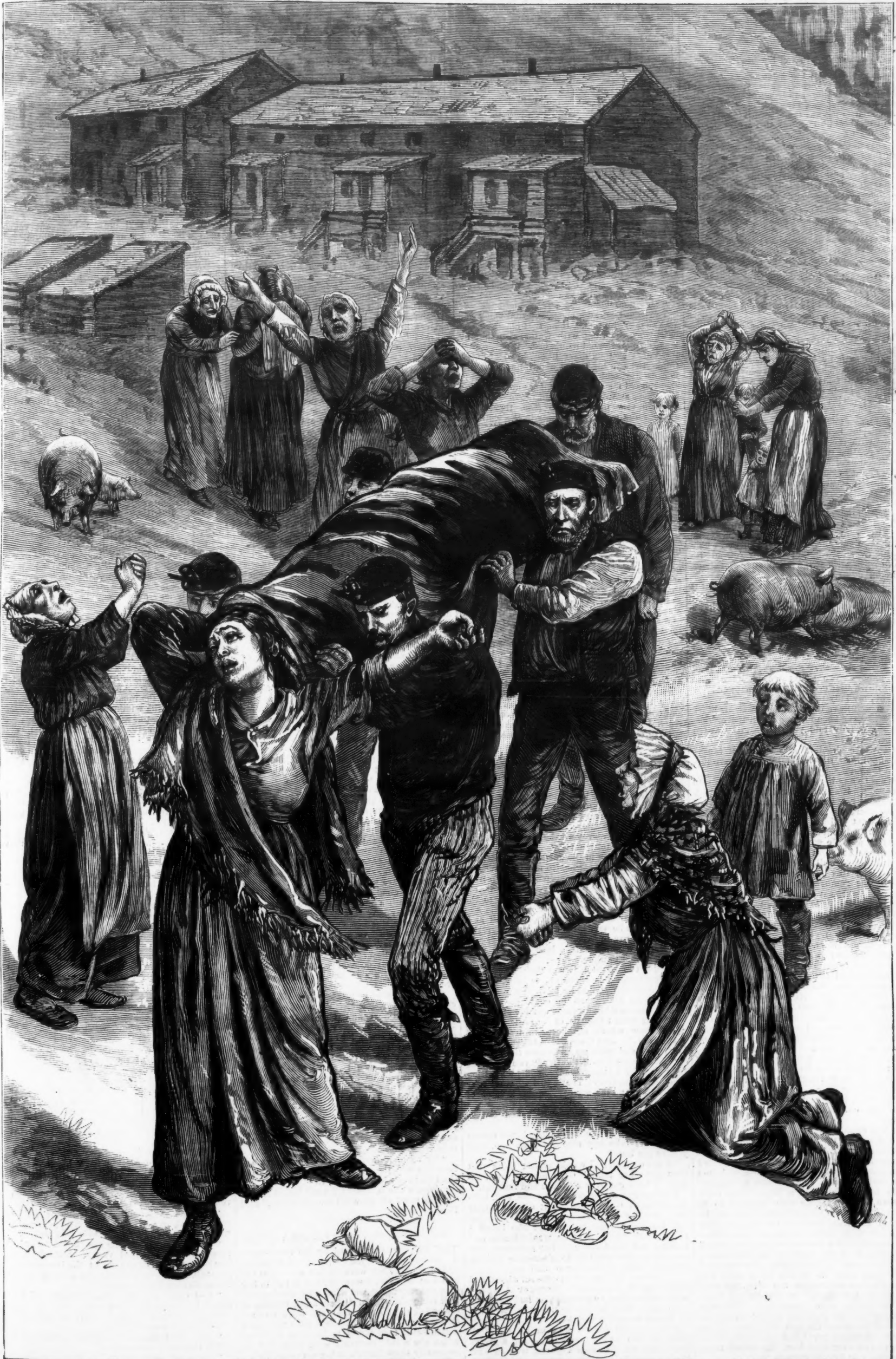
Minister Hannibal Hamlin.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, United States Minister to Spain, and his wife, recently passed through Paris on their return to Madrid from a brief tour on the Continent, and Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper writes this gossip paragraph about them in one of her letters to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*: "A thoroughly charming pair are they, intelligent, genial, unaffected, and, above all, are genuinely American. The fine old statesman, with his erect carriage, sparkling dark eyes, and alert step, is a noble specimen of vigorous old age, and with his clear, strong sense and sturdy patriotism, is a representative of our country that we Americans abroad are very proud of. Of his physical activity and manly bearing the following anecdote may give an idea: A messenger called at the hotel at which he was stopping with an important letter for him the other day. He inquired for Minister Hamlin. 'There he goes,' made answer the concierge; 'that gentleman running upstairs is Mr. Hamlin.' 'Oh, no, that is not the person I want,' quoth the messenger. 'The one that I mean is an old gentleman.'"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

- A LARGE batch of Mormon converts have arrived at San Francisco from Auckland.
- THE report of the Winter grain crop shows an increase of nearly half a million acres.
- THE Connecticut Prohibitionists have held a convention, and put a State ticket in the field.
- ON the coast of Labrador the people are suffering intensely for want of food. Some have already died of starvation.
- SMALLPOX has prevailed at Cincinnati all Winter, and is now spreading faster than ever, thirty or forty new cases a day being reported.
- PARIS is to have an underground railway in imitation of the one in London. It will be lighted by electricity, and will cost \$30,000,000.
- THE leading physician of Tippecanoe County, Ind., has been expelled from the State Medical Society for the unpardonable offense of advertising.
- A CYCLOPE swept over the town of Brownsville, Mo., last week, killing seven persons, injuring over twenty others, and destroying much property.
- THE Chilean officials who tampered with letters addressed by the State Department to the United States Legation at La Paz have been arrested and punished.
- FOURTEEN hundred conversions are reported as the result of the religious revival services in Cincinnati which extended over a period of thirteen weeks.
- MUTUAL relief societies prosper in France, where there are no less than 6,525, with a membership of over a million, and a total capital of above 90,000,000 francs.
- AN organization has been formed at Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of giving a grand Shakespearean dramatic festival for one week at Music Hall next Fall.
- THE North Carolina Republican State Committee has called a State Convention at Raleigh, June 14th, and adopted a resolution favoring an alliance with the liberal movement.
- THE Ohio Legislature, before its adjournment last week, passed a Bill to redistrict the State for Congressional purposes, giving the Republicans fifteen and the Democrats six districts.
- THE Canadian Senate has passed a Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but its opponents will appeal to the Governor General for a veto or to the Queen to disallow the Bill.
- THE London *World* says that the Arctic expedition in search of Mr. Leigh Smith will start, if possible, next month. It is probable that a Dundee whaling vessel will be chartered for the expedition.
- THE Northern Pacific Road has met with complete success in its experiments with artesian wells in Dakota. Water nearly as pure as that from Lake Superior flows thirty feet above the ground at Tower City.
- A COUNT of the attendants at all the Boston churches the other Sunday showed a total of 124,909, the Catholics leading with 49,337, Congregationalists second with 15,808, closely followed by Baptists with 15,775.
- A PROLONGED drought is causing great distress among the working classes in Spain. The Government has consigned large sums of money to the authorities of Andalusia in order to give employment to the laboring people.
- THE London barmaids complain that they are overworked, and at a recent meeting passed resolutions requesting their employers to reduce the hours of labor by employing double the present number, half for day work and half for night.
- LONDON workmen have been leveling one of the last fragments of the Roman wall that now remain in that city. The mortar was found to be so hard and strong that the men with difficulty broke it up. This wall was built long before the Norman conquest.
- A YOUNG woman employed in a newspaper office at Hastings, Minn., walks in from her home, a distance of nine miles, every morning, and returns on foot every evening, making a distance of eighteen miles, besides standing on her feet at the case nearly all day.
- THE license question came up at the recent town elections in Massachusetts. In two towns the vote was a tie; 252 cities and towns voted "No," and 73 voted "Yes." The aggregate vote reached 165,859, of which number 83,245 were cast against, and 82,644 in favor of license.
- THE outrages upon Russian Jews still continue. At Balta, all their houses have been wrecked and their property destroyed. In several other districts the troops have been called out for the protection of Jewish citizens. Refugees are leaving their homes in large numbers with a view of coming to this country.
- WISCONSIN has a Charlie Ross case. Six months ago the five-year-old boy of William E. Dicken, of Commonwealthe, in that State, was stolen in sight of his father's house, presumably by some ruffians whom the father had offended. The mother has prosecuted the search herself, and thinks she has repeatedly been close on the trail, but thus far she has always failed.
- THE Mormon leaders have instructed their followers not to trade with the Gentiles, and the Gentile merchants will retaliate by discharging all Mormon employes. Class feeling grows more bitter daily, showing itself in trade and society. People are becoming anxious for the appointment of Federal Commissioners, as registration for the next election must be concluded in June.
- THE St. James Hotel property in Boston is to be purchased by the New England Conservatory of Music. The plans contemplate the expenditure of \$700,000 in additions, alterations, etc., and the establishment of the largest institution of its kind in the world. The instruction will not be confined to music, but is to cover many other branches of knowledge, with musical education as a special object.
- A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate establishing a board of three railroad commissioners, who are to be appointed by the President, and are to supervise the business of all railroads, canals or transportation companies which pass from one State or Territory to another, and investigate all questions relative to interstate commerce brought before them by railroad commissioners of the several States.
- THE House Committee on Territories has resolved to report a Bill for the establishment of a Territorial Government in Alaska. It merely establishes a judicial district and extends over the Territory the United States Mining Land and Timber Laws. On the other hand, the Senate Committee has adopted a Bill which proposes to establish a full Territorial Government as elaborate as that of any of the populous Territories of the West.
- FIVE hundred and thirty-one agrarian outrages were reported to the Chief of the Irish Constabulary during the month of March, including two murders, twelve cases of firing at persons, seven of aggravated assault and thirty of arson. It is stated on good authority that the expense of administering the Land Act has thus far cost the country £200,000, while the reductions of rent made by the Land Commissioners, it is estimated, reach £30,000.





PENNSYLVANIA.—A SCENE IN THE SCHUYLKILL MINING REGION—CARRYING HOME THE VICTIM OF A DISASTER.—SEE PAGE 155.

A MUTE LOVER.

NO words—not any. I could not speak; I only stood in the shadow there, And watched the light on her yellow hair. My Fate had willed it; I did not seek To carry the news that he was wed, And strike her youth and her beauty dead.

But so it proved, and I took the proof From her pale pure cheek, while I spoke the word, Whiter and whiter, as she heard. Then, in the silence, I kept aloof. Ah, what to me was the eyelash brown, And the beautiful brow, with its pained, sweet frown?

Ah, what to me was the long eclipse Of the lovely, passionate, yearning eyes, Downward, cast in a stern surprise; Or the quiver of soft, betraying lips That all of themselves fell wide apart, And sent a sigh from the shuddering heart?

Ah, love—ah, darling! My voice was dumb. His friend and your friend—his, always his; But yours, sweet, never! For all that is Under the skies to change must come Ere I can say, I am your friend, Who am your lover until the end!

M. S. BRIDGES.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE.

THE count, having left the Court, strolled leisurely into what he supposed to be the path by which he had crossed the Chase, but which branched off suddenly, and he found himself walking between a dark screen of Scotch firs on one side and a high wall on the other. This wall was built of great, square, compact stones, and was velvety with green moss and rough with the gray, bright with scarlet, lichens, spotted with fungus and stained with mold, festooned with ivy, clotted with sprouting tufts of grass, and clasped and clambered over by innumerable vines.

The count began to ask himself what lay behind this venerable, beautiful wall, and while pondering the question he stumbled upon a tiny cottage built right against the wall, which must itself have formed a side of one of the rooms, it was set so closely to it. An old man was sitting at the door of the cottage, who half rose as he pulled at the lock of white hair hanging over his weather-beaten forehead. He looked up eagerly at the count, and then shook his head.

"I don't know you," he said. "I thought it had been Master Lionel."

"My name is—Max—yes, Maxwell. What a fine wall this is! What lies behind it?"

"The Nuns' Garden, sir."

"So I should have thought. It's a pity—a great pity—that it should have been plowed up!"

"Plowed up!—the Nuns' Garden plowed up, your honor! The Court would have been pulled down first ere that should happen?"

"Why, my lady told me—"

"You will have been at the Court, sir?"

"Yes, I have been making a call there."

"An' my lady told you the Nuns' Garden was broke up?"

"I am sure she did," said the count, fancying the old man must be childish and have forgotten the fact.

"Would your honor be pleased to walk into my cottage? It's small, but clean. Go through into yonder room at the back an' tell me what you see there!"

The count did as the old man requested. The room had in it a small bedstead, and was lighted by a single window; but just opposite the door, as he went in, was an aperture in the rough stone wall, which was rudely whitewashed, and this opening had evidently been made by the removal of one of the blocks of stone, and beyond it shone a sudden dazzle of color—scarlet, purple and yellow.

"That's my picture!" said the old man, laughing, "and show me a better in the great hall up to the Court if ye can! Go nigher, your honor—'twon't hurt. The color's fast, an' only gets brighter as time goes on."

The count went nearer, stooped his tall head and looked through the aperture, over which hung, from the other side of the wall, a thick festoon of ivy. He saw winding walks quaintly bordered with box, oddly shaped evergreens which had been cut to look like peacocks, griffins and other fantastic creatures, as was the fashion of a bygone age, and the gay colors that had first caught his eye resolved themselves into a glowing bed of scarlet poppies in the foreground, and beyond that the rainbow crocus-circle around the ancient fountain.

"Does that look as if 'twas plowed up?" asked the old man. "That's the Nuns' Garden!"

But the count did not hear him. He had passed his head through the opening that he might look about him more at his ease, and as he turned it to the right, a belt of sombre pines crossed the angle of his vision, and, just above their tasseled tops, he saw an apparition—a female figure, in a long, white robe, and with loosely falling hair, seemed to be floating downward, following the slope of the belt of pines which lessened in height as they receded from the wall. It was, in fact, Gwendolen coming down the outer staircase, which was hidden from the count by the intervening trees. The count held his breath; he was sure that he had seen the Demon Lady who was re-visiting her old haunts, not "by the pale glimpses of the moon," as she should have done, but in the very eye of day. This was the reason that my lady had lied to him about the Nuns' Garden. He put his hand to his forehead, on which great drops were standing.

"Have you ever seen her?" he asked, turning suddenly to the old man.

"Who?"

"The Doom Lady?"

No! no! not herself; though she would

have been a fair sight to look upon, if all's true. But I found her skull, an' a denty thing it was!—white an' smooth as satin, an' soft an' fine as a snake's. 'Twas said when that was found she would fit herself into some other woman's skin, an' make a weary work of it. But, Lord! all women, more or less, has it in 'em. When Eve ate that apple she took deviltry, as you take smallpox, an' giv it to all her darters an' gran'darters after her."

The count did not laugh, as he would have done at any other time. He was thinking: "She has shown herself to me because I am about to copy her portrait. If she would only come and sit to me her own sweet self!"

"What was her name? What was the Doom Lady called?" he asked the old man.

"'Twas a queer, outlandish name enough, if so be as I can bring it back to me. Gwin—no, Gwindoline."

"Gwendolen? Gwendolen!" repeated the count, quite loudly, his face again at the opening, when, all at once, the face in the picture confronted him, the dark eyes fixed and eager, the red lips slightly parted, the fair hair undulating over the shoulders, exactly as she had been painted. Then a mist seemed to rise before it, rendering still more ethereal the tone and tinting of the pearly skin and silver-gleaming hair, and it vanished.

"Sir—your honor!"

The count became conscious that some one was shaking him, and, then, that his dress and hair were dripping with water, also that he was lying on the old man's bed.

"You was took dizzy like. Lord! I didn't think 'twas in me to lift a tall, fine man like you so far, and me in my eightieth year!" said the old man, as the count sat up, collecting his senses as well as he could.

"You saw nothing—no face, there?" he asked, pointing to the opening in the wall.

"Lord, no! Who'd be there? It's kep' locked an' sacred, like a picture-bible, since the master died. I sometimes think my lady fears he walks there!"

"If I were a ghost I should like no better place," said the count, and, apologizing to the old man for the trouble he had given him, he put some money in his hand and went on in the direction of the Priory, pondering on what he had seen, and struggling between that German mysticism that induced him to believe he had seen a spirit and the fact that ghosts were not usually seen in broad daylight.

"And the old man says that no one ever goes into that garden! Why is it kept thus secluded, and why was my lady so unwilling that I should go into it? Can that"—his pulses beat faster at the thought—"have been a real, live woman, after all? But, who ever saw a creature of flesh and blood float through the air as she did?"

And was ever mortal woman as fair as that moonlight face that had shone upon him for one happy moment. "The very fact that I faintly shows that it was something supernatural, and that mere flesh and blood could not support the contact. Ah, himmel! I would willingly become a spirit to secure such companionship. She must—she will appear to me when I am transferring her immortal loveliness to canvas. There must be some affinity between us that attracts her from her sphere! And she is no evil spirit with those innocent eyes and baby lips—the blessed earth has purged her body and heaven her soul from all earthly stains."

And Gwendolen had gone into the house, and falling on Pauline's neck, informed her with a burst of tears that Lionel was in pain and trouble somewhere.

"Where—for mercy's sake!" cried Pauline. "And who has told you?"

"I was walking in the garden just now, and I heard his voice calling to me 'Gwendolen, Gwendolen'—twice. It seemed to come from the wall, where the great ivy—the one that is a hundred years old—grows. I ran up to the wall, and there I saw his face, very pale and with the hair curling over his forehead as it used. Then he vanished, and I was so frightened that I ran in here."

"But how could a face look out of a solid wall?" asked Pauline.

"I don't know—but it was there!"

"How could it be there unless he was there, too? And why should he be hiding in the ivy and calling you, when he could have found you by just coming up those outside stairs?"

"Oh, it wasn't himself, of course! He is—I don't know where, but he is in trouble and wants me!" And Gwendolen began to wring her hands and walk up and down the room.

"There, now!" said Pauline, "you are going to give baby a stomach-ache, and him getting along so beautifully! That's just what my lady would like, and it's my opinion this is some of her doings."

"Do you really think so?" asked Gwendolen, eagerly.

"Indeed I do—spiteful old thing! She means you shan't take any comfort with him, now you've got him."

"I am so glad! I would rather think that than the other thing. Give him to me, Pauline. I have got over all those bad feelings."

Pauline put the baby in her arms, and, having satisfied Gwendolen, went out to satisfy herself. The thick screen of the ivy baffled her for some time, but at last she found a place from which a stone was missing, and putting her head through the aperture, saw enough to convince her that she was looking into old Jasper's dwelling.

"Now we will see who was in there and called out 'Gwendolen!' Whoever it was, I don't believe that honest old man had any hand in it, and I think he will be likely to tell me if he knows anything about it."

Although old Jasper was in his eightieth year, he still had a man's liking for a pretty face; and when he saw a young woman with thick tawny hair waving around a white forehead, and cheeks which, in his own mind, he likened to dog-roses, coming quickly down the path to his cottage, he took his pipe from his

mouth and welcomed her with a toothless grin.

"How comfortable you look," said Pauline; "and how nice and quiet you live here! I don't believe you are much plagued by people coming to see you, are you?"

"I like to be plagued that a-way. Won't you take a seat?"

"I think I will for a few minutes. You haven't any family, have you?"

"I've one grandson, an' I think I shall ask my lady to let me have him here. He'd be main handy about the place, now that I'm gettin' stiff in the knees an' elbers."

"He isn't with you now?"

"Bless ye! he's twenty mile away, but he'd be glad to come."

"The reason I asked was, that I was on the other side of the wall a while since, and thought I heard you talking to some one."

"In the Nuns' Garden, was you? Then 'twas you he see!"

"Me?—who saw me?"

"He said's name was Maxwell—a fine, tall man!—an' he dropped flat as the palm of my hand. I'm strong if I am eighty years old, for I dragged him off the floor an' hauled him up into my bed."

"Do you mean that he fainted?"

"Just that—thought he see the Doom Lady."

"Oh! it wasn't Mr. Lionel, then?"

"Master Lionel! no; a deal taller, a deal older, a fine, large man, but I hefted him for all that."

"How could he have known about the Doom Lady? Does he live in the neighborhood?"

"He didn't say, only that he'd been a-calling at the Court." ("Somebody from the Priory," thought Pauline.) "He seemed taken with the ghost, he did—mighty taken. But I'd rather see a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lass than a ghost any day, an', likely, so would he."

"How did he happen to be in your cottage?" asked Pauline.

"He was askin' about the Nuns' Garden, sayin' as how 'twas a pity it should be plowed up, which my lady had told him 'twas. Then I says, 'Look for yourself, an' he sees you. But, Lord! how he could think ghostys has such eyes an' cheeks passes me!"

Pauline knew well enough whom he had seen, and was puzzled what to do. Would he be likely to come again? And if so, would he endanger their secret, throw her husband out of employ, and, above all, banish herself? Pauline had learned to feel for Gwendolen that affection the protector has for the protected. Twice she had stood between her and death, and she shuddered as she thought what might happen to Gwendolen and her helpless child should she be deprived of her protection, for she knew that my lady was in some degree afraid of her—hated her, consequently—but could not afford to part with her.

"I wonder if I couldn't pass for her!"—she was thinking of Gwendolen. "We are both fair, but my hair is much darker, and my eyes are much lighter. However, in the confusion of the moment, he would have been likely to remark no more than the general effect. In a white dress"—she was in white—"and, with my hair down—it's as long as hers—I think I could pass."

Then, aloud, and answering old Jasper's remarks, she said:

"I don't like to be taken for a ghost. It makes one feel as if something were going to happen. If he should come to take a peep again, would you let me know?"

Old Jasper nodded his head, and looked cunning.

"Oh! you want to let him know you're flesh and blood?" Then he shook his head. "'Twon't do—'twon't do! You'd much better come to see me, Polly. I ain't no gentleman, but neither are you a lady!"

"I'm as good as she is up to the Court there"—with a backward wave of the hand to signify my lady—"and if you don't do as I say I'll put a stone in on my side of the wall. Mr. Jasper; for I've a right to walk there, if no one else has!"

"Don't ye, now! don't ye!—that's a good girl! But what do you want of the gentleman, Polly? He who comes to see the mistress is no mate for the maid!"

"You men always think we are planning to get married, Mr. Jasper! I was nurse-girl to a Mrs. Maxwell once, and it may have been this gentleman's wife. At any rate, if he wants to come and look again, let him. You know very well that my lady wouldn't like to have people say the place was haunted!"

"No more she would—no more she would!"

"Then it will be best for him to know that what he saw is a live woman."

"I can tell him 'twas a woman, Polly."

"You do as I say or I'll put that stone in. I know where it lies, just under the great ivy."

"I will, Polly. I will. But he may come any time, an' how shall I let onto you that he's here?"

"My room is in this part of the Court, and here is a whistle. You blow on that so, and I shall be pretty sure to hear it."

"I don't like it, Polly; I don't like it!"

"We must all do what we don't like," said Pauline, sagely.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE COUNT CATCHES A GHOST.

PAULINE was supposed by the servants to be employed at the Court as a seamstress, and, although they were rather nettled at the fact that her meals were served to her in her own apartment—"And what a lot she do eat!" said the cook, who, of course, knew nothing of Gwendolen—and also that she wore no cap, dressed her hair, and had been seen to wear a watch—still they felt it to be quite an honor when she would converse with them, and occasionally show herself in the servants' hall.

Returning from old Jasper's cottage, she happened to meet my lady's own maid, upon whom she smiled graciously, and, for a private reason, stopped to talk with her.

"Is it you, Miss Angelica?"—the girl was christened Ann. "I haven't seen you for some time; but I suppose you have more to do now my lady is going out, and seeing company at home?"

"Miss Angelica" had a die-away air, and spoke in a die-away voice.

"You may well say so! I thought I never should 'ave'er suited this morning. H'I assure you h'I feel faint-like h'after fussing with h'all them blue bows, h'and brushing h'of'er 'air for hours. But when I saw 'im, I says: 'You're well worth doing something h'extra for, my lord count?'"

"Who's my lord count?"

"He's a gran' juke and a'rene 'ighness in his own country, though he passes for a count in this. But he might be a h'emperor! Such a h'air I never see! And his legs is that graceful—willow, I call 'em."

"But what is his name? I suppose he has a name?"

"His valley told me—a h'elegant young man 'e his, too—'is name is Maxiwillium."

"The valet's?"

"Ho, no! the count's."

"Maximilian!—Maxwell!" thought Pauline.

"It seems that his serene highness likes to pass himself off for a nobody!" Then she said: "Did he seem pleased with my lady?"

"H'I should think so. They was going to walk in the grounds, h'and h'I 'appened to be walking h'in the same direction, h'and 'e 'ardly took 'is 'eyes h'off of'er."

A wicked light came into Pauline's eyes.

"How old should you think he might be?"

"H'about thirty or so. Just the h'age for my lady!"

"Oh!" said Pauline—then, looking at her watch, "Dear me, it's later than I thought it was! You are so entertaining, Miss Angelica, that I always forget how time passes."

Pauline made her adieu, and passed on. So here was a grand duke!—and, what was more, a grand duke who admired my lady—and it was this illustrious personage whom she herself had arranged to meet.

"I am getting into good society," thought Pauline. "Pretty well for a—"

Her thoughts took an abrupt turn here, and we will follow them no further.

My lady, having asked Bettina to spend the rest of the day with her, felt obliged to show some attention to her invited guest, and so the count was left to bestow his undivided attention on his canvas, against the background of which already gleamed a shadowy outline of the lovely face he was copying, like the moon peering through a cloud. The more he looked the more enamored he became of the Doom Lady's loveliness, and actually sighed to have lived three hundred years before his time. He was so silent during dinner that Bettina feared painting did not agree with him, and begged him, for mercy's sake, not to spoil his good looks by getting bilious. After dinner he retired to the smoking-room and sat there smoking until the moon rose, when he stepped out of one of the windows, and, with his heart beating like that of a boy who goes to his first love-tryst, he actually hurried down to old Jasper's cottage, in the hope that the Doom Lady might chance to haunt her favorite garden by the light of the moon as well as by that of noon.

He fancied that the old man did not receive him quite as cordially as in the morning, but his infatuation had reached such a height that he did not care for that, or even desire to conceal his errand.

As he bent his head to step into the old man's cottage, he heard a shrill sound that made him start.

"What was that?" he asked.

"It sounded like a locust," stammered old Jasper. "A locust—in May!—and I never heard one at this hour before!"

Old Jasper's evident embarrassment, and the count's own consciousness of the light in which many people would view his present proceedings, made him fear, for a moment, that he might be the dupe of a plot. But an instant's reflection encouraged him to go on.

"If it is a plot, so much the better. The Doom Lady is, then, flesh and blood. And if she is that, or mere vapor, I mean to find out the next time I see her."

With this resolve, he bent to the opening in the wall, and saw, standing by the fountain, a slender shape in white, with loosely flowing hair. In an instant he had darted from the cottage, and, with the aid of the tough and knotted cordage of the ivy, had climbed the wall before old Jasper could prevent him, and began to descend on the other side.

The figure by the fountain seemed to hear the rustling of the ivy, for it turned and seemed about to fly. I say seemed—for, either from heedlessness or with intent to do so, it ran straight into the count's arms, who held it tight, crying out:

"It is a woman!"

"And what else did you expect? And who may you be?" asked Pauline. And the count was intently studying the handsome, defiant face, upon which the moon shone strong and full.

"But you—you are not the Doom Lady!" he said, at last, in a tone of such disappointment that Pauline could scarcely help laughing.

"I should hope not. She has been dead some three or four hundred years! But who are you?—and if you are none of the Charnwood ghosts, how do you happen to be walking in the Nuns' Garden by moonlight?"

"I—I came over the wall," stammered the count, beginning to look decidedly foolish.

"Over the wall! Is that a German fashion?"

"So you know who I am?"

"Yes; Miss Angelica described you to me."

"Is she the housekeeper?"

"She is my lady's maid."

"Your lady's maid! Am I speaking to one of the family?" he asked.

"Only as I am the Doom Lady's attendant."

"The Doom Lady!—I knew it! Who is she?"

"tell me?" going quite close to her. "I knew there must be some reason why my lady should try to deceive me about this place."

"I don't understand you, sir?"

"Have you been trying to fool me?"

"Why, you don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"What would you say if you should see a shape too beautiful to be that of any living woman floating along that line of trees, but above their tops?" asked the count, indicating the row of pines.

"I should say you saw some one coming down this staircase," said Pauline, taking him by the sleeve and leading him towards it.

The count started.

"When did you see your ghost?" asked Pauline.

"To-day, at about two o'clock."

"Dressed as I am now?"

"Ye-es."

"And you called out, 'Gwendolen, Gwendolen!'—and it showed itself close to the wall?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was that ghost. And I thought you were crazy."

"I have been, but now I am regaining my senses. And I do not know but that I agree with old Jasper, that I'd rather see a woman than a ghost any day or night either, especially such a woman!"

Pauline looked up into the count's face, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. It was very dull at the Court, and he was a grand duke and my lady's lover, as she supposed. If she only consistently with the keeping of her secret could get up a little flirtation with him, just enough to give a zest to her life and spoil my lady's plans. She gave a little renunciatory shiver. She couldn't risk her secret. "It is getting chilly," she said, "and I have nothing over my shoulders."

"What do you call this beautiful satin mantle?" he asked, lifting a tress of her hair.

"Oh, if you could see my lady's hair unfastened, you wouldn't look at mine! And to think that a woman of her age should keep her hair like that!"

"Her age—what age?" asked the count.

"Well, there's Mr. Lionel, to whom this place belongs, he's her grandson and a grown-up gentleman."

"But she was married at fourteen?" cried the count, in dismay.

"Wouldn't fourteen and forty make fifty-four? Her son was over forty when he died."

The count looked as if some one had struck him in the face. "Is it possible?" he said. "I thought her comparatively a young woman. About thirty or so."

"I must be going now, my lord, so I wish you a good night."

"And when shall I see you again?" asked the count, holding out his hand.

"You will not see me again, my lord. If I were a ghost it would be very well. But, as I am not, it wouldn't do."

(To be continued.)

VIEWS AT AND AROUND PLYMOUTH ROCK.

PLYMOUTH, where our forefathers landed from the *Mayflower* on that memorable Monday morning in the year of grace 1620, is three hours from Boston by rail. Duxbury, where the bold Captain Miles Standish spent the declining years of his life, lies on the left, "Captain's Hill," with its unfinished Standish monument, standing out in bold relief. Clarke's Island, a long strip of land devoid of foliage, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sabbath, stretches between Duxbury and the mainland. The headlands of Squish and Gurnet, the latter the proud possessor of twin lighthouses, break the coast, while directly opposite the wooded bluff of Manomet thrusts itself into the bay, and nearer the thin ribbon of Plymouth Beach blocks the harbor, like an artificial breakwater. On the occasion of my visit the bay was calm as a mill-pond; a single ship of quaint appearance lay at anchor, a boat put out to shore, my imagination leaped back to the *Mayflower* and her shallop.

As the train slows into the depot, clear-cut against the sky stands a noble and majestic colossal figure, with a hand and finger lifted towards the azure. This is the statue of Faith on the National Monument to the Pilgrims, eighty-one feet high, the statue proper being thirty-six feet, the head measuring around the forehead thirteen feet seven inches.

The busy hum of machinery greets the ear as you alight from the train, and thriving factories—the lineal offspring of the primitive looms of the Pilgrims—repeat the old story of industry and thrift. Superb elms—whose immediate ancestors might have afforded shade to the whippersnappers of "Priscilla, the loveliest maiden in Plymouth," and John Alden—line the streets, which, despite the hum of cogwheels, wear a delightful out-of-the-world aspect. Turn to the left, and ten minutes' lounging will bring you to Pilgrim Hall, with its Doric porch and its iron fence in front, inclosing a slab bearing the quaint wording of the memorable "compact" made in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, with the names and surnames of the forty-one signers. A visit to this Hall takes one back to 1620. Here are the celebrated pictures of the embarkation from Delft Haven, with Lucy's "Embarkation." Here are portraits of grim old governors and elders, and their families, the maidens demure, yet fetching withal. Here are a model of the *Mayflower*, the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, and the Peregrine White cradle. Here in cases are John Alden's Bible and his halberd; here is Miles Standish's sword—a Damascus blade, with its Arabic inscription—an iron pot, other household utensils, and a piece of brocade worked by Lorea, the daughter of the redoubtable Puritan captain. But we may not tarry. Out into the Old-world street, and keeping to the left, we reach a narrow street winding northward, and, passing Winslow's House, with its two wondrous old sentinel-trees, descend the steep hill and come to the world-famous Rock, enshrined beneath an artistic structure of granite, supported on four columns. The upper portion of this renowned boulder was for one hundred and five years separated from the original Rock, occupying various localities remote from the place of its birth. Picture the scene of the landing on that Monday morning. Here is the spot, here is the rock—oval in form, with a flat top; the clumsy shallop bumps against it, and our forefathers leap ashore. Onward still, by the path winding beneath the bluff, and you come upon the site of the ancient Alleyne House. Opposite the large elm on the bank the Pilgrims built their first "common house." You are now on Leyden Street, which they named First Street, afterwards Great and Broad.

Traversing Town Square, with its noble elms of 1784, the site of Governor Bradford's dwelling, and the first "meeting-house," you breast the steep hill—Burying Hill—where repose the ashes of those who survived the rigors of the first Winter. It is

the place alluded to at the first landing. "In one field a great hill, on which we point to make a platform, and plant our ordinance, which will command all round about." The view from here is magnificent—the blue heights of Manomet Hills shutting in the horizon on the right. Kingston and Duxbury, with Captain's Hill, on the left, and far out Clarke's Island, Squish and the Gurnet. You can trace the course of the *Mayflower*, as Master Coppin makes across the bay; and as the good ship passes Gurnet Nose, you can imagine Coppin throwing up his hands as he exclaims: "The Lord be merciful to us! I never saw this place before." As I stood on Burying Hill, the quaint-looking ship was still at anchor, and her shallop was approaching the shore. Was it 1882 or 1620?

A TYPICAL SCENE IN A MINING VILLAGE.

THE news of a pit accident has flashed through the town. White lips quiver as the dread intelligence comes from them, and faces are terror-stricken and blanched; women shriek and wail; men, strong men, grow sick and giddy, for there is a something horrible in the thought that a "mate" who but a moment ago was in the full flush of "manhood's best hour" is now—what?—a shapeless mass—a bundle of blood and rags. Our illustration represents the bearing away of a dead miner. The scene is singularly impressive—the rudely constructed bier, its gruesome burden, the grim, set faces of the bearers, the unendurable agony of the wife, the sympathetic sorrow of women, the awe-stricken gaze of the child. The country is bleak and desolate—desolate as the heart, hearth and home of the "thing" those solemn men are silently bearing on their stalwart shoulders.

DARWIN, THE DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIST.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, who died at his residence, Down House, near Orpington, England, April 20th, after a short illness, was one of the most famous scientists of modern times. He came of good stock, his father, Dr. R. W. Darwin, having been a Fellow of the Royal Society, and his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, a well-known physician, philosopher, naturalist and poet. Charles was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809, spent two years at the University of Edinburgh, and then went to Christ's College, Cambridge University, where he graduated in 1831. He had already manifested a strong taste and aptitude for scientific research and investigation, especially in the direction of natural history. Soon after his graduation he was given an excellent opportunity for pursuing the line of investigation in which he delighted, being selected as naturalist of the famous *Beagle* Exploring Expedition, which sailed December 27th, 1831, for a tour of the globe, and was gone nearly five years. Upon his return Darwin published his first work, "The Voyage of a Naturalist," which was followed by two other books based on his observations during his expedition. These works immediately established the young scientist's claim to a prominent position among naturalists, and as the years went by he constantly widened the field of his observations. From time to time he contributed essays to scientific periodicals and published volumes, until in 1859 appeared his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which at once commanded the attention of the whole scientific world. It was translated into many foreign languages, and gave rise everywhere to discussion and criticism. The theory which lies at the basis of this work became at once known, after its author's name, as "Darwinism," and under that title has for nearly a quarter of a century engaged the attention of scientists and theologians alike. Twelve years after the appearance of this book, he furnished another that is complementary to it, "The Descent of Man," and down to the close of his life he adhered to the hypothesis which was the crown of all his research. Darwin was a voluminous author, and only last year published an interesting work on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms." He will always be remembered as the author of the theory that man himself is but a step in the progressive order of created beings, proceeding by gradual degrees from inferior types. He has been the object of bitter criticism, but his industry and honesty were long since confessed by his stoutest opponents. He has received numerous testimonials from scientific societies throughout the world.

Mr. Darwin married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, in 1831, and leaves several children. He had expected to pay a visit to this country during the coming Summer, and his death will be mourned here only less than in England.

Transatlantic Excursions.

TRANSATLANTIC excursions promise to be numerous during the coming season. Already three ocean steamers have been engaged by German-American citizens who are bound to revisit the Fatherland, and preparations are making for more. One party will consist of 250 members of the Pioneer Verein of Cincinnati, and another of 400 members of the Harburg Maennerchor of the same city, who will make a tour through Germany, and attend the great Sangerfest at Hamburg next August. In June, a Red Star steamer will take from the State of Indiana a large party of public-school teachers who intend to take a trip up the Rhine, and to travel through the most interesting points in Central Europe. The tour will extend over three months. It is expected that the example set by Ohio and Indiana will be followed by other associations during the season.

Silk Culture in America.

THE second annual meeting of the Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States was held at Philadelphia last week. Twenty-two yards of broad satin, intended to be presented to Mrs. Garfield for a dress, was exhibited for the first time, and it was stated that it took fifty pounds of cocoons, making fourteen pounds of real silk, to make the dress pattern. Some silk was also exhibited which had been made from cocoons in which the silkworms had been fed upon orange. This experiment was pronounced a success, as three pounds of orange cocoons make one pound of real silk. The annual report which was read by the President stated that sufficient had been accomplished to insure the success of the movement; that silk has been raised in this country equal, if not superior, to the best of the Italian product, and that the extent of American silk culture was shown by the contributions to the dress of Mrs. Garfield, representing as they do fourteen States.

Mining Enterprises in North Carolina.

A NUMBER of New York capitalists have recently purchased a valuable copper mining property in Cherokee County, North Carolina, the development of which will contribute largely to the prosperity of the State. The property is about four miles square and contains nearly 3,000 acres of land. There is a local railroad, and about 120 houses for operatives and for smelting works on the land. The tract contains inexhaustible deposits of copper ore and iron pyrites, from which copper has been made at a profit for years past in the old-fashioned way, using wood

as fuel, and the product then hauled forty miles over mountainous roads to a railroad junction in Tennessee. These ores contain besides copper about forty per cent of iron and sulphur. Under the old plan both the sulphur and the iron had to be extracted at considerable cost, and were entirely wasted, leaving the copper, which was sufficient to pay a profit, notwithstanding crude and ignorant mining and long and tedious transportation. These enterprising and moneyed men have found that the sulphur for the making of sulphuric acid, which is now so enormously used in the treatment and preparation of fertilizers made from phosphates found in the Southern States, and which was formerly wasted, is worth more than the copper; and that the iron, also wasted under the old system, is alone sufficient to pay for the mining of both. In furtherance of their enterprise, the purchasers of the copper mines will connect their works with main lines of railroad, giving them communication with both North and South. The road they propose to construct will extend through two other counties in which there are also valuable mineral deposits, the development of which will follow naturally in due course.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Mr. C. E. Varley, the eminent physicist, has patented an improved diving rod for ascertaining the presence of metallic veins underground.

Vienna is to have its Exhibition of Electricity next Fall. A committee has been formed, under the Presidency of Count Hans Wilczek, and the Board of Trade offers its hearty support.

Baron Justus von Liebig, the celebrated chemist, is to have a monument at Munich, on the Maximilian Platz, in the public gardens. It is being made of Carrara marble, heroic size, by Professor Wegmüller, of Munich.

Mr. W. Markownikoff, of Moscow, has been investigating the so-called degradation of tin. Some tin cans kept in one of the Government buildings during the cold weather showed blisters, then holes, and finally fell to powder.

During last year 237 applications for inventions connected with electricity were filed in the English Patent Office, of which 135 were from Britons, 82 Americans and 50 continental foreigners. Over a third of the applications were for improvements in electric arc lamps.

One of the Sensations of the Salon this year will be "The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian at Queretaro," by Jean Paul Laurens, a painter who not only sometimes paints figures like those of Michael Angelo, but has the further distinction of resembling him in countenance.

A French Mining Engineer, in boring at a depth of 1,500 feet near St. Etienne, came upon a hot spring whose waters rushed forth in a column to a height of nearly eighty feet above the surface of the earth. It is similar in height and heat to the so-called Stracke Geyser, and is strongly impregnated with carbonic acid.

Dr. J. Neeser, who has been investigating the coloring of wines by the aniline compounds, states that he finds under certain circumstances the magenta used for coloring may so entirely disappear from wine as not to be capable of detection, or an upper stratum of the colored wine may be free from this coloring matter, while it may still be found in the lower portion of the fluid.

M. Paul Bert and Sir John Lubbock do not agree regarding the ability of cray-fish and similar animals to distinguish colors. M. Bert holds that his experiments prove that the Daphnia can tell all the colors we do and is especially affected by yellow and green. Sir John Lubbock holds that the limits of vision of the Daphnia do not coincide with ours, but that, like the ant, it is affected by the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum.

The Recent remarkably low level of nearly all the Swiss lakes has encouraged scientists to make fresh researches with regard to pile-dwellings. The societies of the Canton of Thurgau have investigated the Untersee (the lower part of the Lake Constance), near Steckborn, in the vicinity of the former monastery of Feldkirch, which was surrounded by a complete circle of pile-dwellings, and a long list of the most varied objects has been brought to light.

The Project of a Ship-canal connecting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean is mooted in France. Its length would be 270 miles, Bordeaux and Narbonne being its termini, with Toulouse as a port on the way. At the highest point it would be 500 feet above the sea-level. Water would be supplied by the River Garonne and other streams. A Government commission reports that the scheme is practicable, and estimates the cost of construction at \$284,400,000.

To illustrate Dr. Wollaston's observation, that certain sounds are inaudible to many ears, Professor Tyndall, at a recent lecture in London, blew a small whistle, whose low, though shrill, note instantly agitated the sensitive flame, while half of those present heard nothing. Resemblances were also pointed out between the absorption of light and that of sound. On the sound struck from one tuning-fork being quenched, it was proved to have been not annihilated, but simply absorbed by an adjacent fork.

The Bark of the Quillata-tree, a native of Chili, contains a saponaceous principle, and is extensively used by wool and silk manufacturers abroad for its efficacy as a powerful cleansing agent. A decoction prepared by placing a small piece of this bark and soaking it overnight in water will remove in a minute or two grease from articles of clothing and leave the cloth clean and fresh as if it was new. It may be used for cleaning hair-brushes and other similar purposes, under conditions in which soap and other alkalies are powerless, and is also suitable for a hair-wash.

Death-roll of the Week.

APRIL 16TH.—At Rochester, Minn., William C. Wilson, during most of his life a prominent Vermont, and Judge of the Supreme Court from 1865 to 1870, aged 70. April 17th.—At Cincinnati, Charles F. Wistlack, ex-Mayor; at Halifax, N. S., Michael Hannan, Archbishop of the diocese; at Paris, France, Henri Giffard, a well-known engineer. April 18th.—At Stamford, Conn., Rev. Samuel C. Fessenden, formerly a Congregational minister in Maine, and afterwards Member of Congress and Consul at St. John, N. B., aged 67; at Peabody, Mass., General William Sutton, a prominent Mason and former member of the Legislature, aged 82; at Frankfort, Ky., Captain John W. Cannon, a well-known commander of Mississippi River steamboats, aged 62; at Columbus, O., Colonel Uzzo J. Dadds, ex-Member of Congress; at Pine Bluff, Ark., Rev. R. W. Trimble, a prominent Episcopal minister; at Berlin, Germany, Bruno Bauer, a distinguished philosopher, aged 73. April 19th.—At Tompkinsville, N. Y., Tompkins Westervelt, a well-known lawyer, and formerly County Judge, aged 82; at Baltimore, Md., Hannibal H. Chase, a prominent banker; at London, England, Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., for fifty years in the public service, and a great friend of Art, aged 74. April 20th.—At Charleston, S. C., John Frazer, formerly a member of the Canadian Parliament, aged 91; at Orpington, England, Charles R. Darwin, the well-known scientist; at Paris, France, Philippe la Beaume, a well-known Bonapartist politician, aged 45. April 21st.—At Saratoga, N. Y., General William L. Burt, a prominent politician, financier and railroad man of Massachusetts, aged 85; at Ashland, Va., Rev. Dr. Leroy M. Lee, a well-known Methodist minister, aged 74; at Boston, Mass., John C. King, a prominent sculptor, aged 76; at Berlin, Germany, Wilhelm Volk, author of several historical and religious works.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Duke Debelocas has arrived in Ottawa from Paris en route to the Northwest to establish a cattle ranch.

THE will of the late Isaac S. Osterhout bequeaths \$350,000 for the establishment and support of a free public library at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD's grave in the Cleveland Cemetery is still guarded by sentinels, and thousands of people visit it every pleasant Sunday.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KILLOGG denies the statement that she is to be married, but says that she will leave the stage for ever on May 25th.

COLONEL C. O. ROCKWELL, the late President Garfield's brother-in-law, has been appointed Deputy Collector of Customs at this port by Collector Robertson.

CONGRESSMAN CROWLEY's tenth child was born last week, and his fellow-members of the New York delegation subscribed \$100 to buy the boy a silver mug.

It is stated that the Czar has accepted an offer made by the nobility of St. Petersburg and Moscow to protect the Imperial family and maintain order at his coronation.

EX-SECRETARY BLAINE has declined an invitation to deliver an address at New Albany, Ind., on Decoration Day, because he expects to be in Europe before the 30th of May.

TAIB BEY, brother of the Bey of Tunis, who was arrested and imprisoned for conspiring against his brother, has been released on parole, having promised to abstain from intrigues.

BISHOP GILMOUR of Cleveland, who is about to visit Rome, was reminded of the tenth anniversary of his consecration, a few days ago, by presents of \$2,300 from the clergy and \$2,100 from the laity.

EX-GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, now a lawyer in New York city, has been very sick from a nervous trouble brought on by overwork, but is recovering and will spend the Summer in Europe.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR's daughter, Nellie, is described as a pretty child, chubby as a cherub in an altar-piece, and owning a pair of large brown eyes that look brightly out from under a fringe of short brown hair.

JUDGE BRUCE, of the United States District Court in Alabama, has been guilty of so many singular performances lately that it is believed he is insane, and leading papers call for his impeachment, if he cannot be induced to resign.

M. DAMALA, the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, is a tall and handsome man of middle age, who looks the thorough Greek he is. His father was a merchant at Syra and his mother was a daughter of M. Ralli, Mayor of the Piræus.

EX-GOVERNOR BURBANK of Dakota has recovered a \$900 diamond pin and watch and chain which were taken from him on a stage robbery near Hot Springs, Ark., eight years ago, and were found among Jesse James's effects.

THE more Oscar Wilde sees of America, the better he seems to like it. He tells a Western interviewer that he expects to spend a portion of the Summer with Henry Ward Beecher on the Hudson, and the remainder with Julian Hawthorne.

WHEN Hortense Kittrell was appointed to a clerkship in the Nevada Legislature, Henry H. Welch, the chief clerk, objected to the presence of a woman in the office. He gradually became reconciled, however, and Miss Kittrell has become Mrs. Welch.

DARIUS S. FISHER, of Reading, Pa., a theological student, twenty-six years old, has gone crazy from an attempt to memorize the whole Bible. He began the task six years ago, and has worked about fifteen hours a day ever since, until finally his mind gave way.

GENERAL S. A. HURLBURT's neighbors at Rockford, Ill., are indignant at Shipherd. They say that the late Minister to Peru was so honest that, though he had many opportunities to steal, he died very poor. His widow has only \$10,000, for which sum his life was insured.

LEAVE of absence for an indefinite period has been granted to Field Marshal Count von Moltke, of Germany. This is regarded as a positive indication of the present pacific aspect of affairs, especially considering the repeated postponements of the count's leave of absence.

It is said that the remains of the late President Lincoln, which have been buried in the ground under a portion of the immense granite pile forming his monument, at Springfield, Illinois, are now in a complete state of petrification, the form and even the features of the dead President being preserved.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has selected a site for a family mausoleum on Staten Island, just outside the old cemetery and facing the Moravian Church in which the Vanderbilts of the Island worshipped for generations. It is to be seventy feet high, built of Westbury granite, and will cost \$200,000.

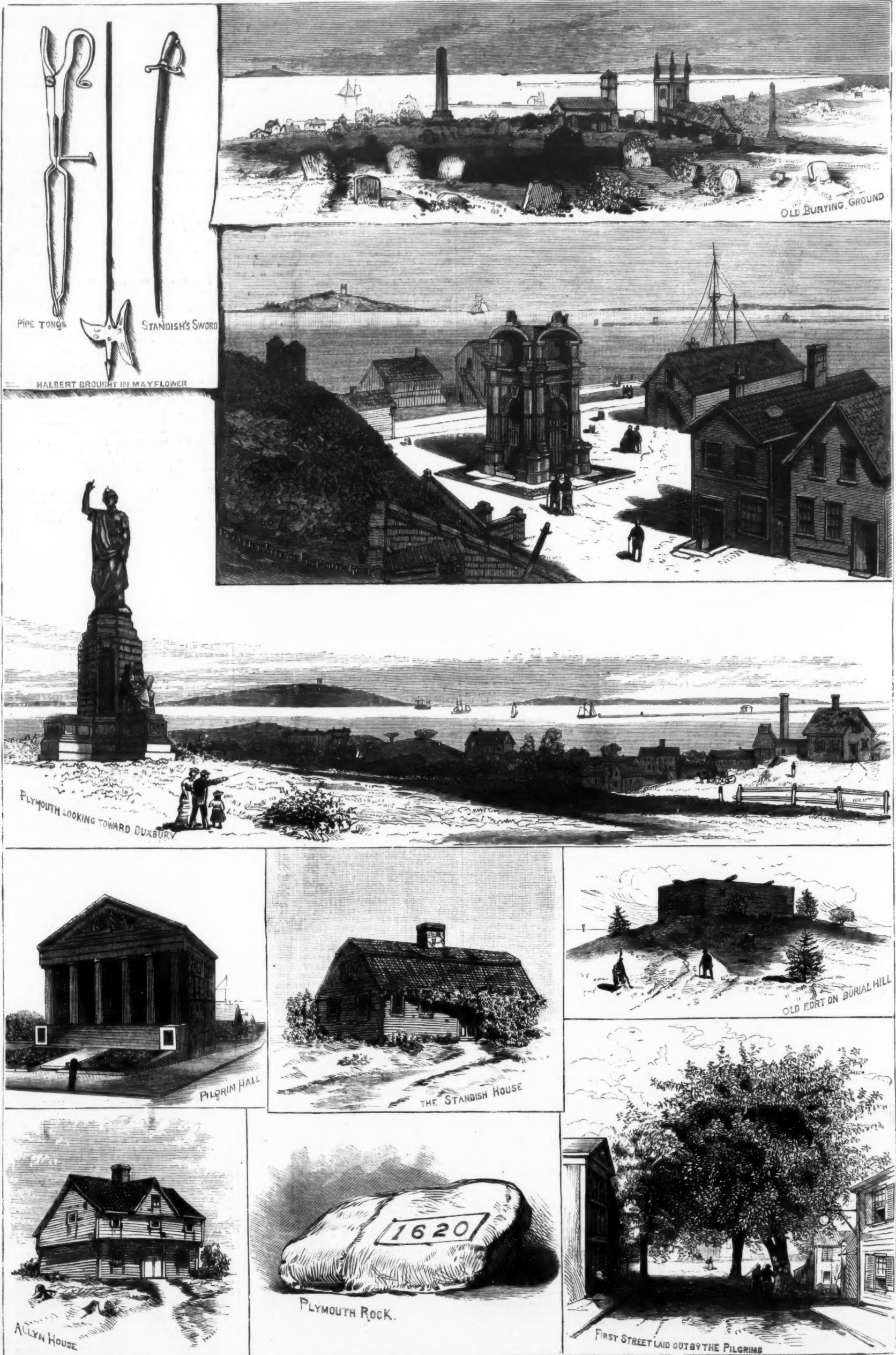
MRS. TABOR, wife of H. A. W. Tabor, Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado and the richest man in the State, has brought suit for a separate maintenance, and asks to be awarded the \$150,000 house in Denver where she lives and \$50,000 a year for her maintenance, alleging that her husband is worth over \$7,000,000.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR visited Annapolis last week with his children to show them the Herndon monument erected in the Naval Academy grounds. Captain Herndon was the father of President Arthur's wife, and was in command of the *Central America*, which went down in a storm September 12th, 1857. The captain allowed no one to leave the vessel until all the women and children got away, and perished with 480 of those on board.

THE ladies of the Women's Home Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Ogden City, Utah, are preparing a silk quilt to be presented to Mrs. Senator Edmunds as a token of their appreciation of the efforts of her husband in securing a better civilization for Utah, and announce that they will embroider upon the quilt the names of all who will send fifty cents, the money to be used in enlarging a school building.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE waxes enthusiastic over General Butler's private character, concerning which she says: "I regard him as immaculate. In eleven different cases he has helped poor, oppressed women whose cases I have brought to his notice, and in one instance, where he gained a patent right for a poor woman who was justly entitled to it, he refused all payment, saying that he could make his rich clients pay for his services to her. He is the friend of the poor, and they know it, and he may be Governor of the State yet. When he is, the law will be enforced."

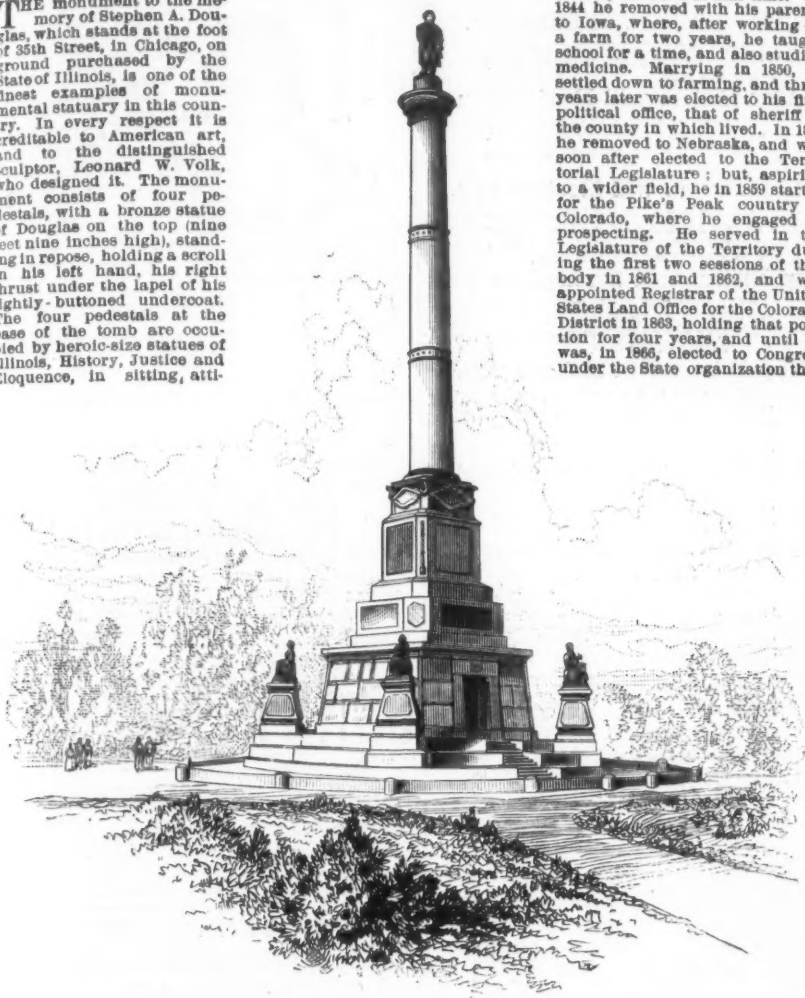
A VERY notable and charming concert was given by Miss Eugénie Simonson a few evenings since in the parlors of Mrs. Anna D. French, M.D., West Thirty-fourth Street, on which occasion classical music of the most severe and select schools was given, including selections from the works of Beethoven, Handel, Pergolesi, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. Miss Simonson was assisted by exceptional talent, and the evening was a pronounced success. So identified, however, is Simonson's name with music at its best, that the success of last Thursday was indeed a foregone conclusion.



MASSACHUSETTS.—VIEWS AT AND AROUND PLYMOUTH ROCK.—FROM PHOTOS. AND SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 155.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE monument to the memory of Stephen A. Douglas, which stands at the foot of 35th Street, in Chicago, on ground purchased by the State of Illinois, is one of the finest examples of monumental statuary in this country. In every respect it is creditable to American art, and to the distinguished sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, who designed it. The monument consists of four pedestals, with a bronze statue of Douglas on the top (nine feet nine inches high), standing in repose, holding a scroll in his left hand, his right thrust under the lapel of his tightly-buttoned undercoat. The four pedestals at the base of the tomb are occupied by heroic-size statues of Illinois, History, Justice and Eloquence, in sitting, atti-



ILLINOIS.—THE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

tude. The former has her right hand placed on the State arms, holds in her left ears of corn, and wears upon her head a chaplet of wheat, and is supposed to be in the act of relating the story of the State to History, on the opposite corner, who, with stylus in hand, is about to record it upon a scroll lying across her lap. Justice rests her right hand on a sheathed sword, and holds the balances in her left. Eloquence points with her right hand towards the statue of Douglas, with her left hand resting on a lyrical instrument—all robed harmoniously in classic garments. The four bas-reliefs in panel of the main superstructure represent the advance of civilization in America, first by an aboriginal Indian scene in which appears the sun rising above the horizon of a lake, upon which two Indians are about to embark in a canoe; wigwams, with squaws and papoose, and an elder and two younger Indians. The second represents pioneer settlers building a log cabin, plowing, sowing grain, and a group of mother, children and dog resting before the unfinished cabin and the "Prairie Schooner" wagon. In the third scene Commerce and Enterprise are represented by trackmen working on the railroad, a locomotive, vessels discharging and receiving merchandise, an elevator warehouse and telegraph line. The fourth and last of the scenes illustrates Legislation—the culmination of civilization. Within the tomb-chamber repose the remains of Douglas, in an iron casket placed in a white marble sarcophagus, the marble from his native county of Rutland, Vt., and surmounted by a white marble life-size bust of him. The following inscriptions are on the front side of the sarcophagus:

"Stephen A. Douglas—Born April 23d, 1813. Died June 3d, 1861."
"Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the Constitution."

HON. GEORGE M. CHILCOTT, OF COLORADO.

HON. GEORGE M. CHILCOTT, recently appointed as United States Senator from Colorado to succeed Mr. Teller, is a native of Huntingdon County, Pa., and is now in his fifty-fifth year. He was

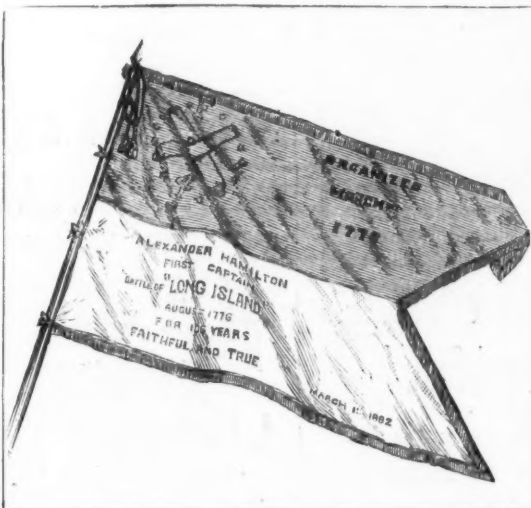


COLORADO.—HON. GEORGE M. CHILCOTT, RECENTLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES SENATOR.

reared on a farm and enjoyed only such educational advantages as the common schools of the country afforded at that time. In 1844 he removed with his parents to Iowa, where, after working on a farm for two years, he taught school for a time, and also studied medicine. Marrying in 1850, he settled down to farming, and three years later was elected to his first political office, that of sheriff of the county in which lived. In 1856 he removed to Nebraska, and was soon after elected to the Territorial Legislature; but, aspiring to a wider field, he in 1859 started for the Pike's Peak country in Colorado, where he engaged in prospecting. He served in the Legislature of the Territory during the first two sessions of that body in 1861 and 1862, and was appointed Registrar of the United States Land Office for the Colorado District in 1863, holding that position for four years, and until he was, in 1866, elected to Congress under the State organization then



THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN, THE EMINENT NATURALIST.
SEE PAGE 155.



NEW YORK CITY.—BANNER PRESENTED TO BATTERY F, FOURTH ARTILLERY, U. S. A.

introduced and got Congress to pass a Bill repealing the Act which discriminated against all the territory west of the west line of Kansas and east of the east line of California by charging letter postage on printed matter between the two boundaries. He also succeeded in getting larger appropriations for surveys than were ever before obtained. Mr. Chilcott was a member of the Territorial Council, and President of that body during the session of 1872-3. He was also a member in 1874. In 1878 he was elected to the State Legislature from Pueblo County, and during the session of 1878-9 he was prominently before the Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator, Mr. Hill, however, securing the place. In politics Mr. Chilcott has been a staunch Republican. His appointment as Senator has given great satisfaction in Southern Colorado, where he has resided for many years, assisting greatly in the development of the country; but in other parts of the State it is not so well received. The appointment holds until the meeting of the Legislature, when there will be several candidates for the place, including ex-Governor Routt, Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, Mr. Bowen and Governor Pitkin.

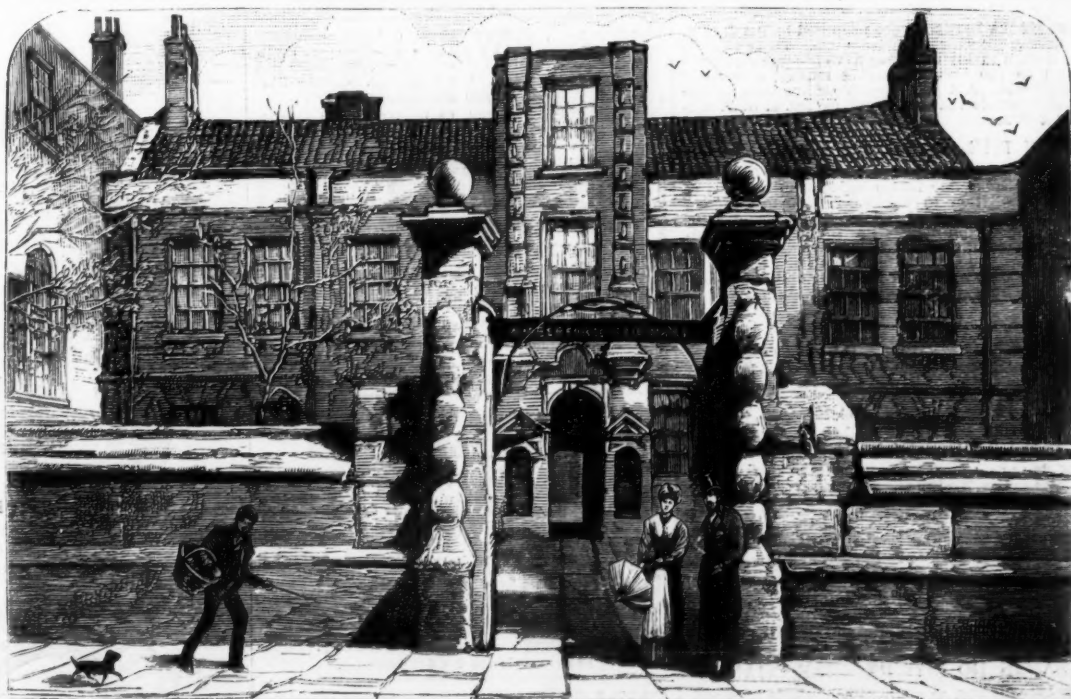
A BANNER FOR A REVOLUTIONARY BATTERY.

WE present on this page an illustration of a banner which has been on exhibition at Tiffany's, in New York, for some days previous to its presentation, by Alexander Hamilton, Jr., to Battery F, Fourth Artillery, United States Army. This battery has a remarkable and unique history. It was organized on the 1st of March, 1776, under the captaincy of Alexander Hamilton, participated in the battle of Long Island the following August, and has maintained its organization intact from that day to this, being the only company in any branch of the army which can boast such an unbroken record. The banner, which is a beautiful piece of work, is presented by the grandson of the Battery's first commander, and the inscriptions celebrate its gallant record—"For 106 years faithful and true."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILBERFORCE.

formed. But Congress refused to receive Colorado as a State at that time, and Mr. Chilcott could not take his seat. In 1867 he was elected a Delegate to Congress for the Territory of Colorado, and served the people one term. It was he who

ONE of the chief points of attraction in Hull, England, is the fine old mansion known as the "Wilberforce Building," where the great William Wilberforce was born in 1759, and in which as early as 1639 Charles II. was temporarily a guest. The interior of the mansion



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILBERFORCE, AT HULL.

which stands on High Street, is full of interest; the walls are covered with old oak wainscot, grown black with age; the floor of the hall is laid with slabs of black and white marble, and the staircase is noble. The history of the building runs back to the close of the sixteenth century, but its chief celebrity consists in the fact that it was the birthplace of the man who did more than any Englishman of his age to bring about the abolition of the negro slave trade.

FUN.

A "PAS DE DEUX."—The father of twins.

A "DARKNESS WHICH MAY BE FELT."—A black hat.

HOW TO MAKE CHICKEN-SALAD.—Out of "heny" thing.

TO BE SURE OF GOOD WEIGHT.—Go to the barber-shop Saturday night.

WHAT did Wellington do when he wore his boots out?—Wore them home again.

THE individual who "stole a march" has been put in the same cell with Procrastination, the thief of time.

THE future home of the blessed has little charm for gas and electric light companies. There is no night there.

The "Longfellow Jug," combining the words and portrait of the great poet, is delivered, free of express charges, at any place in the United States, by RICHARD BRIGGS, of Boston. The price is only five dollars.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is a scientific preparation of the phosphates, so combined as to be readily taken into and absorbed by the system. Pamphlet sent free. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

"Why did God forbid Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of his class. "For fear they might fall out of the tree and hurt themselves," replied Jimmie Fizzleton, who had his arm in a sling.

CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.
SPRINGTIME AT ATLANTIC CITY.

THIS season is a most delightful one for a visit to the seashore. Nearly all the hotels are open and doing a good business. The people now at Atlantic City are members of the best New York and Philadelphia families, who visit the shore for health and rest. The number of pleasures is by no means few, and Society is nowhere more delightful than at the shore, where there is such a relief to mind and body from city life, and where the atmosphere gives new life and vigor. The Camden and Atlantic Railroad is now running four through trains each way daily, two of them being fast express trains, with Woodruff parlor-cars attached. These express trains leave the ferries at Vine and Shackamaxon Streets at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M., and on Sunday at 9 A. M. Passengers by the new route (Bound Brook) between New York and Philadelphia take the New Jersey Central, foot of Liberty Street, landing at Ninth and Green; also can leave Liberty Street, New York, at 2 P. M., taking through car, going via the New Jersey Central and New Jersey Southern Railroad to Winslow Junction on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and thence by the latter route to Atlantic City, arriving at the latter place in time for tea.

POLESVILLE, Md., April 7th, 1892.
H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO.—Dear Sirs: Several years ago I had some painting to do, and purchased half from you and the balance from another party, to test which would stand the weather best so when I built a new house I would get the best. I find yours stood much better than the — paint, and now desire that you will send me your present prices, bearing in mind that freight from New York to this point are very high. Yours truly,
JOHN JONES.

78 WEST BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, Md., April 3d, 1892.
H. W. JOHNS MFG. CO., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—Gentlemen: I had my house in the country painted with your Liquid Asbestos Paint four years ago, and it looks as bright and glossy now as when first applied.

I contemplate some alterations, and will need more paint. Please send me your sample sheets and prices. Respectfully yours,
FRED W. WILD.

COLONEL CHARLES DUFFY, formerly of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and the Stockton, Cape May, has assumed the management of the new Resort House at Point Pleasant, N. J., on the coast below Long Branch. The Resort is practically new, having been thoroughly repaired and refurnished, and possesses attractions which make it one of the most desirable of seaside houses. Its terms are moderate, and, under the management of Colonel Duffy, popularity and success are assured.

A SMOOTH COMPLEXION can be had by every lady who will use PARKER'S CHERRY TONIC. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheek. See notice.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS were prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

IN THE SALONS OF FASHION

White teeth are more frequently seen than formerly. This is because our ladies have given the seal of their approbation to ROZODONT, foremost among toilet articles. This superlatively pure and salutary preparation checks the further decomposition of the teeth, removes impurities which obscure their natural hue, strengthens them and makes the gums as rosy and hard as coral, and communicates sweetness and readiness to the mouth.

MAUDE GRANGER.

MR. RIKER: WALLACK'S THEATRE.
Dear Sir: On application I find your FACE POWDER to be all you claim for it, and consider it a valuable addition to the toilet.
Respectfully,
MAUDE GRANGER.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE.

ASK druggists for "ROUGH ON RATS." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

GRAY HAIRS ARE HONORABLE, but their premature appearance is annoying. PARKER'S HAIR BALM is popular for cleanliness and promptly restoring the youthful color.

INFANTS DO NOT REQUIRE CHANGE

Of food frequently, as mothers sometimes suppose. ANGIO-SWISS MILK-FOOD is capital, steadily given, and it is also excellent for invalids.

DURING the existence of this paper we have never seen an advertisement so calculated to win the confidence of our readers as that of DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES in to-day's issue. Please read it.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish; sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
London, England.



GOOD

We will send free, on application, the celebrated

THURBER RECIPE,

Which, tried with any pure article, never fails to produce

The Most Delicious and Satisfactory Coffee,

And will furnish the address of a dealer who will supply the famous Thurber Roasted Coffee No. 41 (mild and rich) or No. 34 (strong and pungent) Perfection Blends, in 1 lb. tins (not ground).

The Thurber Recipe, with good coffee, insures satisfaction every time. Write us.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,
NEW YORK.

BANKING-HOUSE OF HENRY CLEWS & CO., 18 New St., N. Y. (next door to Stock Exchange). Stocks and Bonds bought and sold only on commission for cash or on margin. Deposits received. Four per cent. allowed on all daily balances. Members of N. Y. Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade. Private wire to Chicago.

THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE. SIMPLEST, LATEST IMPROVED. MOST DURABLE & BEST.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE MASS. OR ATLANTA GA.

BUY IT AND MAKE HOME IF THERE IS NO AGENT NEAR YOU WRITE DIRECT TO US.

For Breakfast!

CHOCOLAT
MENIER.

Sold Everywhere.

PARIS AND LONDON.

New York Depot 286 Greenwich St.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free.
399 Broadway, N. Y.
Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum and amber for sale.

BOKER'S BITTERS,
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND
AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR.,
Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 John Street, New York.

PILES ITCHING PILES.—Moisture, in tense itching; most at night; sure cures Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKULL.
endless amusement for old and young. Most Wonderful GHOST ever produced. PERFECTLY VISIBLE IN THE DARK. STARTLING EFFECTS, will scare Burglars, Thieves and Trespassers "out of their boots," but a mint of fun for those "who know." AGENTS Wanted Everywhere. Sample sent post-paid for 25 cents. (Silver or 1 ct. stamps). Address, H. C. WILKINSON & CO., Sole Proprietors, 195 and 197 Fulton Street, New York City.
Size of Skull 4 x 5½ inches.

PRINTING PRESSES, Types and Material. Send two 3c. stamps for catalogue. B. O. WOODS & CO., 11 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

VALUABLE TRUTHS

"If you are suffering from poor health 'or languishing on a bed of sickness, 'take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will Cure you.

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Jas. R. Chapman, the Mayor of Saratoga—President of the Bank and Gas Co.—writes thus: "July, 1881. It always cures my headaches in a few minutes, and is an excellent brush, well worth the price, aside from its curative powers." Rev. Dr. Bridgeman writes from Brooklyn, N. Y.: "Never before gave a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. It cured my baldness, and my wife finds it a prompt and infallible cure for her headaches." Geo. Thornburgh, Esq., Speaker of the House of Representatives, Little Rock, Arkansas, writes: "Feb. 12, 1881. This is my first testimonial. My wife was getting bald; the brush has entirely stopped the falling hair and started a new growth. I use it for Dandruff; it works like a charm. Several friends have bought and used them for headaches, and they have never failed to cure them in about three minutes. Mayor Fowler uses it with like results. This is strictly true and given by me voluntarily without solicitation." "An infallible remedy for curing neuralgia in five minutes."—British Medical Index.

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